National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

VOL. XIV. NO. 36. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854. WHOLE NO. 712.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

THE STANDARD.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE,

Delivered in the Tabernacle, New York, on Tuesday Evening, January 17, 1854,

BY THE

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Phonographically Reported, for the Standard, by M. Brenan.

I THINK that the progress of such a course of lectures as this, instituted by gentlemen who hold the extremest views on the subject of Slavery, but yet so catholic as to admit lecturers of every grade of Anti-Slavery opinion, and not that alone, but also to admit many collateral questions—I think that such a progress, made so successfully and uninterruptedly to this hour, is, in itself, an era and an omen; for, although the peace (unwonted in such matters in New York) which has attended the course may be attributed in part to the indifference, the reaction, the weariness which takes hold of the public mind with regard to a subject everlastingly agitated, and although it may also be in part owing to the public state of political parties, so hollow-hearted alike in their opposition to liberty and in their defence of it—to their situation, so very peculiar just now, seeing that they have been bought and sold, and bought and sold again, until it is impossible to be quite sure who owns them at present; and although it may be due to there being no critical condition of the country to talk about, no decision to be made as to who, in ten thousand, is to be master—although all these circumstances may have some effect in producing the quiet in which this course of lectures has progressed; yet I hope there is a third reason; I believe there is; I believe, now that much of the froth has subsided which was beaten up by the tempests and waves of politics, that we have come to a sober, settled, growing, moral conviction, existing in the great body of the people on the subject of Slavery; I believe there is, at this time, more sober sentiment, more religious conviction, and more thought, though less expression, than at any other period of our history. I am cheered by such auspices as these. I am always disposed to look at the most favourable side.

It will be my purpose, to-night (in such manner as I can, I wish it were better), to *take a survey of the Anti-Slavery Question*, and with reference to the inquiry, "WHAT CAN WE, OF THE FREE STATES, DO TO PROMOTE LIBERTY?" for that is the question continually asked, to which I wish to suggest, if I can, a practical answer.

The great difference between the institutions and government of America and those of Europe—all foreign governments—is deserving of one moment's attention. It is not simply a difference of age that makes our government work better than others, as a new and well-oiled machine works better than an old and worn-out one; it is not that there are with us a better code and system of jurisprudence relative to the wants of the community, for other nations have codes and a jurisprudence that will compare with ours; it is not, either, that we have invented institutions which work more smoothly, and simply, and inexpensively, in performing those functions of government which must be common to all; other governments work well; it is the *people* that have the trouble, not the governments—these do their work as smoothly as ours. It is something more radical than all that: it lies in the fundamental estimate formed of man and his rights. We hold that man is the original repository of power and rights; we believe that society and the rights of society are derived from man, not man's rights from society. We believe that his person, his reputation, his pursuits, his acquired property, are his own, and sacred, and that no man may take them from him, either directly or by law, since law itself is only the permission which men give, not something that is above them and superior to them. We believe that all his alliances, and the various interests growing therefrom, are sacred—religiously so; we believe that his companion, his children and his household are as sacred as the church and sanctuary of God, and for the same reason—because God founded both. In all these respects, the world may be challenged to find institutions which so wisely conform to the rights enumerated as do our own. In all the world there cannot be found a place where human rights are more religiously valued, where industry is more carefully protected, where property is better secured, where the right to think and the right to express thought (which are correlative, as fire cannot burn without blazing)—to express it as an instrument of producing corresponding thoughts in the minds of other men, and a consequent conduct or change of conduct in consonance with the ideas of him who expresses his thoughts—nowhere, I say, are these rights held so sacred as in our land. The right to home, and to all its inmates, is nowhere more respected than in this land. Despotism itself gives no surer safeguard, no firmer protection than liberty—republican liberty—the extremest democratic republican liberty; nothing is so safe as real Christian democracy.

Yet, search the world over, and you cannot find a system of government so precisely antithetical to this as is the system of American Slavery. It denies the right of a husband in his wife, and of a wife in her husband; it makes their union accidental; it knows but *one* union, that between master and slave. It denies the right of parents to their children—of children to their parents, except so long as it is needful to prepare them for the market. It denies the right of a man to his own industry, to his own time, to his own will or reputation, to his own earnings, to his own pleasure. Whatever makes us proud of our American institutions has its antithesis in Slavery. It denies man to be a subject of civil government, except indirectly, through his master. It ends by ignoring his whole spiritual nature; and, denying him the attributes and the very name itself of man, it baptizes him into the name of a chattel!

Thus, here, on this soil, within the bosom of one and the same government, these two systems stand; the one founded on the supremest conception of the rights of man, the other on the absolute denial of any and every human right. These two systems do not stand one here and one yonder, looking on each other, from an impassable distance, with fronts which frown aversion: they stand together, treading the same soil, breathing the same air, and looking (or professing to look) to the same heaven. They are both organized and represented by laws and institutions peculiar to each. Those which serve the wants of freemen are called *republican* institutions; those which serve the necessities of Slavery are, by politicians, called *peculiar* institutions—and, by some ministers of the Gospel, *patriarchal* institutions! Nay: those two systems, so radically repugnant to each other in every idea—so different in root and stem, and in every branch and twig and leaf—so deadly in their mutual antagonism—are not only organized in form, but welded into one comprehensive government! We have a Constitution, in this very country, which was adopted in view of both these systems, which contains provisions manifestly adapted to both, and which binds citizens together, in mutual duties, with respect to both; for every man who lives under that Constitution is, if not by voluntary consent, at least indirectly, connected with those two systems—the freest that the world ever saw, and the most accursed in Slavery that the sun ever shone on.

This I regard as the first phenomenon in American history.

There is a second. We might conceive of such a combination as that which I have described, happening in the beginning of our national history, at a time when men were so pressed by external dangers that they had not leisure for much reflection. We might conceive how a healthy body politic, even though essentially republican, could have received such a thorn in its side, as a random boy, in vigorous health, after running through the woods, comes back with a sliver in his foot. But, would it remain there? No! The wound would fester, and break, and the cause of it would be cast out. And, according to such action of a healthy body, we might expect that the sound body politic would fester, that suppuration would ensue, and that the evil would be ejected from the system. For, we had the advantage of being young and vigorous in the doctrines of liberty; it was the era of propagandism; we might reasonably have expected an increment of liberty, and hoped that, as the men of that time had swept away foreign and feudal oppression, so they would sweep away domestic oppression. We had also the advantage of an untrammelled Bible, from which every plank of the platform of liberty was hewed, as Solomon took every stick for his temple from the cedars of the forest of Lebanon; and, having such a Bible, an open Bible, a Bible in our own tongue, freely read—more read than preached from—we might reasonably have expected that the source of our own liberty would emit an influence which would give liberty to all. There was, also, an order of men set to preach righteousness, whose influence on the popular mind has been greater than that of any other class, especially in questions of right and duty. Thus we had religious and secular motives, all endowed with power, and all against this institution of evil, so that it is a marvel that it did not at once sicken and die.

Moreover, the spirit of the whole country was, in early time, in one direction, and that direction was emancipation; it was sought by the very men who framed the Constitution; it was expected by all patriots of the time that Slavery would soon die out. Nay, we had the advantage of the fact that emancipation very speedily began in one State after another, sweeping away, as with a broom, the relics and the cause of the inconsistency, till there was not a slave in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, or New Jersey; and *remember*—we did not sell our slaves, we emancipated them! (Great applause.) And so careful were these States, and particularly the State of New York, so honestly careful was she that there should be no dodging of the emancipation act, that she made it penal to carry slaves, after a given time, out of the State, except after the owner had given bonds for their return, or unless, when he returned, he made it manifest to a magistrate that the slave who had gone, but not come back with him, had been fairly dealt by. It is often said by those ignorant of the true facts (often, I am sorry to say, at the North, but still more frequently at the South) that we made money by our slaves, and then turned round to preach philanthropy to the men of the South—such a charge is made in profound ignorance of the historical facts.

But, what has been the fact with respect to this system within the last fifty years? So far from going backwards, Slavery has gained ground in almost every respect; it has gained in the bulk of slaves; their number has gone up to many millions; it has gained in respect to the number of States; it has gained in political influence, in public opinion at the South, and public connivance at the North.

Nothing can so well exhibit that fact as the power of politicians to galvanize the Fugitive Slave Law, to impart to it the new life it has received; for there was one in old times, but it had gone into desuetude; for mere political reasons it was deemed necessary to bring it out and present it to the citizens at the South; not only that, but to give it new eyes, new teeth, new limbs, and to send it hobbling through the country; to make it worse than the old one; to force it upon the public; until statesmen were terrified into supporting it for fear they should lose a presidential nomination if they did not (applause and a few hisses). The most sedulous efforts were used to make the religious sentiment accord to it, and (to our shame be it said) one-half the pulpits of America, upon a made issue, when the question was between the law of God and the devil, foreswore God, and pronounced the higher law fit for nothing but to be trodden under foot (great applause). And, at this hour, liberty, which rests on God's eternal truth, on nature, and on the very political elements of our Constitution, in one aspect has not the power which Slavery has, who stands erect, gaunt, and hateful, defying every truth and right, human and divine!

This I regard as the second great phenomenon in our history, namely, the weakest and worst gaining on the strongest and best.

There was a period of comparative rest in the earlier stages of our history; that period when we were being healed from the wounds of the Revolution; when we were gaining strength, before we were filled up, and before the tendencies of the ingredients of our institutions had time to develop themselves. There was then comparative peace between the North with free, and the South with slave, institutions. But as prosperity increased, and those extremes grew larger and stronger, they extended, they met, and then the necessity of a collision was perceived. The very provisions of the Constitution were most wisely framed (they could not be more so) to promote agitation in this country. They recognised and contained two gigantic elements, the element of light, and the element of darkness, the incarnation of right and the incarnation of wrong, the celestial religion of liberty and the infernal creed of despotism—how could collision be escaped? Two children, born together, rocked in the same cradle, were put into this instrument; while they were yet babes, the dove and the vulture were rocked side by side together; but when they began to grow, when the milk which each sucked in had brought into action the fierce and irreconcileable elements of their nature, how could there be a calm between them? Could Christ and Belial dwell together in peace?

There, therefore, were jarrings, and collisions, and mutual accusations—but neither seemed aware that it was provided for in the Constitution.

As a consequence, the political history of our country, and especially during later periods, has been the primary mark of agitation on this subject. I think this has been the back-bone of every great national question amongst us for the last [illegible] years—and I think it will continue to be so for the next twenty, or perhaps for the next hundred.

Let us look, therefore, at the development of Anti-Slavery feeling in the North.

It is probably within the memory of all here that its first development was as a pure and simple doctrine; and it will also be recollected how that doctrine was hated, and hooted at, and mobbed, until, in this way, it gained strength and victory, for that is the precise way to make anything victorious; you may make a martyr of a lie, and men will worship it; and if you want anything to take root, mob it. The cities where the Anti-Slavery feeling is strongest are those very cities where its presses were dragged into the street, and cast into the river or the dock.

By and by societies and special organs of publication marked the progress of the sentiment towards action; the diffusion of right ideas was the work of that period. Very soon after, the political form was assumed—a form which all questions among such a people as ours must first or last assume. In its political form it went into conflict with its adversary, and sustained (so far as political victory is concerned), a signal defeat. This stage brings us to the present attitude of the public mind in the North.

Let us now consider that attitude. There are those among us who justify every dogma of oppression; the number of these, I think, is small. There is a second class who do not justify, but who palliate, the evil; the number of these is, I think, greater than that of the former class. A third class (and their number is legion) regret the existence of the malady, but see no way to its extinction, and do not feel called on to discharge any duties themselves. They are opposed to agitation; they are sorry for the evil, but they think it their duty, first to pray that God's Kingdom may come, and then to stand on the watch to beat down every indication of its progress (great applause).

Then, there is, also, what may be called a political mind, the precise condition of which I cannot, at this distance from any important election, undertake to tell you (laughter). Then there is the religious mind of the North.

With respect to that, I may say, first, as to the great body of the clergy, that they are moderately Anti-Slavery, but *immoderately* ecclesiastic. I believe there are scarcely any among them who do not suppose Slavery to be wrong, and an obstacle to the spread of the Gospel, but they regard the peace and purity of the Church as the first great object, and the happiness of the world only as the second. Now, the Church itself is but an instrument for the regeneration and sanctification of human nature; the Bible and the ministry of the Church are but means employed by God, and they should be regarded only as means, only as an instrument which is not to be spared from the work which it was made to do, however trying to its temper that work may be. The old Knight, St. George, did not hesitate to strike the dragon for fear of dulling the edge of his sword or blunting the point of his spear—so let not the weapon which is made to smite evil refrain from the blow lest it should thereby lose a little of its polish.

With respect to the great body of Christian men at the North, I have an impression that they are moderately Anti-Slavery, not actively, but in sentiment and sympathy. With respect to Christian institutions, there can be no question that they are utterly conservative; I do not say it to their reproach; that is what institutions were meant for; I think, to ask institutions to come down and fall into march is like asking forts to perform the duty for which we have infantry and flying artillery. I thus understand institutions; or as granaries wherein things already acquired are stored up for use. All that we ask is, not that institutions, but that Christians, should come into the conflict. Let the Church and all ecclesiastical bodies stand where they are; all we ask of clergymen is that, when they have got through with being ministers of the Church, they will then come forth and be found, as men, doing right in the right place. My opinion is that the great body of the Christian community are sound on human rights; and when the period comes that they can move without fear (if it ever come), I believe that they will come down like a torrent, with a force never before known in this land.

The only other element is the Anti-Slavery element, which exists both organized and unorganized, and the latter condition, I am satisfied, embraces, in this country, by far the greater portion of the element. I think it has lost somewhat of its fire, or rancour, but I believe that it has gained right zeal and amassed knowledge; and, if we can only live peaceably among ourselves, I am persuaded we will yet be a power in the community.

I now proceed to ask, What can we do?

First: we must assert, everywhere, till the assertion is no longer contradicted, the *right of the North to do something*. That right is denied. It is said, "Why do you at the North meddle with things which do not concern you?" It is not only said by those who are the abettors of the institution in the South, but, I am sorry to add, repeated by men at the North—men who are sending moral pick-axes to hew down the walls of Tartary and China—men whose ships and missionaries, in the Sandwich Islands, in every pagan corner of the earth, seek to make the higher law trample on the local law, and subvert the "peculiar institutions." These are the men who turn round and say, "What right have you to meddle with things that do not concern you?" (Great applause and laughter.) Now, all I will ask is consistency: is there not a right to meddle in the affairs of others except where the meddlers plot invasions? If they call home their missionaries, burn their ships, cease troubling the heathen and give no more vexation to the Romish hierarchy, why, then I will sit down with them and sing lullabys of peace! But if they do not, then I will turn round and say, "By what canon and law have I no right to interfere with one of the most gigantic evils the sun ever shone upon, merely because it is at home, while you are free to carry your crusade to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

But, as there may be some here besides Anti-Slavery men, and as I wish to take my southern friends with me, I will say that, though we claim the right to act against Slavery, we do not mean to violate the Constitution. The Constitution, on the other hand, has no right to violate my conscience (applause). In respect to the Constitution I am somewhat like the old settler of New Haven, in early days, who, returning by twilight to his farm, on turning a corner, saw a bear licking his chops after having regaled himself on one of the honest man's calves. Both looked rather astonished, and, by and by, the man said, "Well, neighbour, I tell you what, you won't touch me, I won't touch you." Fast well pleased with the Constitution except in one thing, and in respect to that I say, "If you won't touch me, I won't touch you."

But, further: there is a difference between a violation of the Constitution and a violation of a law which politicians have enacted for the carrying out of its provisions. What has been called a violation of the Constitution is no such thing; it is a violation of a law which has no part or lot in that instrument; and, on that subject, instead of saying to bruin, "If you don't touch me, I won't touch you," I would take up a hoe or an axe, or whatever else I had at hand, and smite him between the eyes with all the strength God gave me.

In the next place, it is not our purpose, either, to invade the territorial or institutional rights of the Southern States; it is no part of our wish or purpose; for two reasons: Although we would meet any death Providence would deem fit to send us, with a resigned state of mind, yet we must not forget that the South tells us, beforehand, gives us fair warning, that if we assail her peculiarities within her borders, she will accommodate us with a limb of a tree for a pulpit, and that the line of argument she will use with us will be one of hemp; neither must we lose sight of the advice given to the disciples by their Master, if they were persecuted in one city, to flee from it, and preach in another. We can easily see how it is better to live to fight Satan than to perish without victory—and I hope there are a great many good battles yet before us. Neither do we mean, by legislation or otherwise, to invade constitutional rights, nor guaranteed rights. Neither do we consider it wise or expedient to excite insurrection; we would not do it, for the sake of the masters, for they are men, and we love them; nor for the sake of the slave, because it would be but mischief done to him—and slaves, too, are men, though the law does not call them so. But we assert the right of the North to act on the subject of Slavery by all the moral means within its power; to withstand the spread of Slavery to new territory; to hedge it up, and procure its destruction by moral means.

We assert, secondly, that it is the duty of the North to do this, on the ground of a common interest in the whole country. I, for example, am not exclusively a citizen of Connecticut because I was born there; nor of Massachusetts because I was educated there; nor of Indiana because a part of my life was spent there; nor of New York because my present location is in New York. I am a citizen of these United States, and the rights of men in all the States are common rights. This country does not belong a parcel to this and a parcel to that: the question that relates to the interests of the whole country is my question, and yours, and every man's. If asked, why do you meddle with things that do not belong to you, I would answer: Suppose I have a contusion of the foot; I send for a physician, and have him examine it; then the foot says, "Sir, what have you to do with me? Mind your head, if you please, but let me take care of myself." Should I leave the foot to perish? And so it is with this great confederacy; many members united in one body—and God grant there may be more, so that they are clean ones! The South is our South as much as anybody else's, and the evil that threatens any part of our confederacy we are equally bound to ward off from all parts of it.

We assert it to be a duty on this further ground, namely, that it is true of all truths of freedom as well as of the Gospel, that we are to spread them. "Freely you have received, freely give," is the law of the Lord. Is it not a sin against the Holy Ghost for a man to know himself redeemed by Christ Jesus and to have no voice to convey the glad tidings to those who are ignorant of them? Shall I have bread, and carry it under my cloak, and not give to him who hungers? As I have freely received, so must I freely give; and this is equally true of liberty, of refinement, and of every gift that will enrich humanity (loud applause). Thus no man who is a freeman has a right to sit down under his own light and enjoy it; he must sow it broadcast at home and all the world over. On this ground, therefore, I affirm that we at the North are bound, under God, to spread liberty everywhere; and, by the help of God, we will do it! (Applause.) It is a duty wide as the world: the propagation of liberty, by example and by ideas, is as much a duty as the propagation of the Gospel—it is a part of the Gospel!

Having thus negatively disposed of the question, we ask, affirmatively, What shall we do, and how shall we do it?

In the first place, we ought to begin at the very beginning, as the apostle besought the disciples to do; we ought not to leave first principles and go on; we have yet need that first principles be taught, of which necessity recent events give us an affecting lesson. We must go back to the common schools. I lately came across a book, prepared by a Yankee (but a degenerated one), prepared, emasculated, for Southern schools. Where did we get our strongest impulses to liberty? Was it not from the Columbian Orators of old, from Patrick Henry, read in our school-books, whose fire and imagination gave our young minds a moral tone which all the sophistries that we have heard in later years have never been able to weaken? We must re-investigate; we must restore to our books all that taught the elements of the doctrine of liberty!

We must take care, too, of our elemental religious books. There are a great many books published in this city from which you would think there never was such a thing as Slavery, although these very books were written to express the author's mind on that very subject. But, they have been *converted*—they have become religious! (Applause and laughter.) There is a committee appointed by whom such books are to be baptized and registered; and, as the Society is national, they can express nothing contrary to national sentiment! Is it not, then, a duty to take heed that God's truth be not slipped or obscured? Is it not a shame that all the rebuke of sin should be extracted from works of courageous men? That there should be more fear of offending men than of hiding God's warnings?

A late instance teaches us affectingly the need of renewing the knowledge of first principles.

When old Ireland last struggled for her liberty, not a man but blessed those who invoked God for their country's freedom; and their leaders carried into distant bondage, not a man but bore the burden of their bondage with him; and when they broke their chains, not a man but was glad for their sakes. And when the foremost and most consecrated of those men who pleaded for liberty before the world, utters such sentiments as I shall read to you on the only phase of liberty up in this country, or that can come up for some time, it is the last thing we could have expected.

It seems there is, in Dublin, a Mr. Haughton, who has distinguished himself more for his sympathy with those who bear the yoke of our American Republican bondage than for his zeal to remove the evils in opposing which Mr. Mitchel has distinguished himself. He wrote to Mr. Meagher on the subject of negro Slavery in the United States; and, in Mr. Meagher's absence, a reply, written, we must suppose by John Mitchel, contains the following passage:

We are not Abolitionists—no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work, by flogging or other needful coercion. "By your silence" (we are told) "you will become a participator in their wrongs." But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participator in the wrongs, *we, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well-stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.* [Hisses and cries of shame].

Fellow-citizens, it is a wise maxim, "Say nothing about the dead unless you can speak well of them" (great applause). I think you will agree with me it is high time that the schoolmaster was abroad!

There must be a propagation of the principles of manhood and human rights, as found in the Gospel. Of those who plead that that the Gospel does not condemn, because it does not speak directly against, Slavery, and because it gives directions to Christian masters how to treat slaves, and to slaves how to demean themselves towards their masters, it may be well to inquire whether they regard the Gospel as a good plea for aristocratic and monarchical governments, because it told kings how to rule and citizens how to obey. It was not the genius nor any part of the design of Scripture to enumerate all the special forms in which selfishness manifests itself; it was not its design to mention the tares, and the darnels, and every weed in the field, but it puts the sickle into man's hand, and says, "reap the field." Society was as an instrument, jangling and at discord: it was the part of God to come down and tune one chord to the key-note, love; and then it was the part of man to attune all the rest in harmony to that one. And let it not be forgotten, but let the friends of Slavery explain it, if they can, in unison with their views, that the Gospel always does tend to personal liberty.

Above all we need this renewal of Scripture truth on the subject of liberty, to raise our conceptions of manhood, that we may meet and silence the miserable apology, "How well these slaves are fed and clothed!" What is the idea of manhood here? Has not a hog as much as this? I understand that man was made after the beasts, and better than they—that he has twenty wants for their one, and that the supplying of his wants is the direction of civilization. When I am told that a slave is fat, so that he sings and forgets liberty, then I say, if there were no other reason under heaven than this alone, it is time that we had a better conception of manhood. He is well fed, and well clad, and he has a place to sleep in. He has some coarse covering, and it is well enough with his stomach—but how is it with his head? how is it with his heart? In the blackest man that ever epitomised midnight, there is that which will live as long as the duration of Him that is Eternal? Well fed and well clothed! What sort of men would you who hear me be, if that were your only ambition? Oh! It is to the Bible we must go for the best elements of manhood as well as of liberty. If my child were stolen from me, carried away into captivity, to Algiers, I would move heaven and earth to obtain his release; and if, after fruitless efforts, and weary waiting, and harassing alternatives of hope and doubt, the tidings reached me that he was still in Slavery, that he bore it ill, that his cheek was wan, and his eye sunken, and that his heart gnawed itself away, I would be sorely grieved, and know that he was still my child. But if a man should come to me and say, "Don't give yourself any trouble about the boy, he is well fed, and clad, and housed, he is fat and rosy-cheeked, and he sings and dances with joy, he is well tended and happy, do not trouble yourself," then I would say—"He is not my child; the gypsy changed him; the brat is none of mine!"

If the slave be contented, it only shows that the iron has entered into his soul, and seared it into indifference—if he were a man, he would not be contented to be a slave.

The things to be done are mainly two: 1st, to employ our utmost power to hedge in Slavery to its present territory; 2d, to exert all the moral influence we can for the amelioration of the slave code and the domestic relations of the slave.

We must take a stand against the extension of Slavery; it must be restrained within its territorial bounds. Our right to do so is clear, the right of a common interest in the Union, which makes it our duty to oppose the spread of that which is its bane and chief danger. We must shut it up and let it bear, not only its own good, but its own evil; it will thus exhaust, destroy itself, and it will do so because it will cease to be profitable; and when it ceases to be profitable, for the one text of Scripture now quoted in its favour, there will then be ten found the other way; for the Bible is like a forest wherein you can find sticks of every shape, or at least sticks which you can shape to any purpose you desire.

I also think we are especially called on to act at the present time. I do believe, had the men sent during the last ten or twelve years by New York to represent her in the Senate and House of Representatives, spoken out freely and clearly as they ought to have done, that the Slave Territory would not have been extended as it has been. And now, I am told, there is a bill introduced for the admission of Nebraska, and we will see the old game played; not unlike the domestic drama, in which the wife asks and the husband refuses bluntly, then she flies into hysterics, and at last obtains all she asked at first, and more than she asked; and then, no doubt, we will soon see another *Union* to be saved (laughter and applause).

It is time that our ground was taken; it is time we said, let there be no more slave States—this is the time, now or never!

In the next place, we must employ public sentiment to ameliorate the laws of Slavery, and the condition of the slaves; we must employ a public sentiment that will act on the hearts and consciences of Southern men. Let us employ public sentiment, knowing its value, its efficacy, its penetrating and irresistible influence. Public sentiment is not something which, like my voice, is heard in a small space, for a little while, and then dies and is forgotten; it is pervading as the atmosphere; it is felt all the world over, and you cannot fill the air here with a sentiment abhorrent of Slavery, but it will enter the South, let slaveholders do what they may to keep it out; the birds will sing it, the winds will whistle it; or rather, God himself will spread it abroad. I do not believe that the men of the South are wanting in any of all the elements which go to make men. I do not believe they will lose sight of all high moral principle because they may be vexed, and troubled, and irritated, about something which they have been used to look on as right, or rather to look on as something ordinary, and natural, and in the common course of life, than to ask themselves about it whether it was right or wrong. I will not believe that they will renounce principle, and morality, and manhood, because somebody makes mouths at them (applause). Let there be movements here to promote Anti-Slavery, and they will have their effect at the South, not among the politicians, but among the people.

And, I would add, let our movements be against real, tangible, existing evils; let them have a character of practical efficacy which will have no time to deal with abstractions. Let us seek the tangible good in the way most likely to give it speedy attainment. There are men on this platform, and elsewhere, whose zeal, even in a most righteous cause, may not perhaps at all times have sought righteous ends by the easiest and shortest route. I have myself been often asked—"Well, how are you about Slavery; you have no quarter for it, no doubt;" and I would reply, "Well, I am ortainly Anti-Slavery, but, then, I am not a Garrison man." Now, as to Slavery *per se*, I say there never was such a thing, and therefore I would take no trouble about it. Slavery *per se* never did exist and never will. I would not argue about Slavery in itself; but suppose I were to speak with a clergyman, I would begin somewhat thus: I would say, "Do you think concubinage is right?" He could hardly say it was; and yet concubinage is one of the meanings of Slavery. Nancy is a good, religious woman, a Christian woman, an elder and a Church member; her husband, Pompey, is a Christain man and an elder too; she is sold at any distance beyond fifteen miles, and she gets another husband. She is sold and removed again; again she gets another husband, and so another and another, until at every step of 30 miles, all the way down to New Orleans, she gets a new husband for every step, and when she marries the last, Pompey and the other twenty-eight are all still living. And so with the male slaves—imagine a white man, a Christian and a church member, with twenty wives all living at the same time. Is *that* to be called marriage? I would not ask, is Slavery right? but I would ask, is *that* right?

Again: these black husbands and wives love each other—just as much as white husbands and wives, and a great deal more than some; are they to be separated for no other reason but a commercial one? It might be a good reason for separating horses, but a man is not a horse; a black man can weep as bitter tears as ever the whitest amongst us shed, for a laceration of heart as severe as ever the whitest man on earth felt. And I would ask, not is *Slavery* right, but is the selling asunder of wives and husbands right?

Again: I would ask, is it right that families should be sold away from one another? Do not those swarthy sons and daughters of bondage feel the claims of kindred and the ties of blood as acutely as the sons and daughters of a whiter race? Oh! I know what they feel; no week passes but some poor African suppliant comes to my door—they darken my door, but light my heart, God's messengers of mercy (great applause). They come with some such application or letter as this, written by some honest and kind Southern man. It is perhaps a wife whose master is willing to sell her husband; or some old woman who has with her two of her children, and whose daughter, a girl of fifteen years old, her master writes he will sell for $500; she is worth $700, he writes; but he would restore the daughter to her mother, and he is willing to part with her for $500; and she says he is a good Christian master, which perhaps he is too, according to his light. I cannot bear it, I cannot listen to such applications without a pang; I do not know where it came from, but it is here. Why, in the family, it is a jest, when one sees a fine, chubby, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed child, to ask the mother, or father, "What will you sell the little fellow for;" it is a good jest and passes for one. But if it were said, not in a jest, but in real earnest, how long could the man that said it stay in the village? Why, if you were paralytic in both hands and feet, you would crawl after him to hoot and drive him away from your neighbourhood! (Great applause.) There are some things law can do; it can work great changes; but there is one thing (thank God!) it cannot do; it cannot change the natural relationship between father and mother, husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister; these are relationships which cannot be put up for sale, which the auctioneer's hammer cannot knock down, nor the trader's bands tear asunder; human feeling revolts at the idea. And I believe honest, humane, Southern men feel this as well as we. Who could go to auction and see a *servant* sold without weeping; but when the chattel sold is a father, a mother, a child, a sister, do you suppose that Southern men do not feel it? I would ask not is Slavery right, but is *this* right? And the answer would be, no.

Now, I would propose a compromise! I don't know what these 'pestiferous' Garrison men (laughter!) might say, but I will agree, if any State promises that she will not sell her slaves, that I will not agitate that State for ten years at least (laughter). And the reason is this, the moment you put fetters on a slave so that he cannot be converted into money, he loses his value, like a bill that cannot be negotiated; but so long as slave or bill can be negotiated for cash, the system from which each takes its character will be upheld. Take away the market-value of slaves,

and my impression is, that the whole of the slave States will take measures to abolish the system.

If you can, by writing, or conversation, or otherwise, breathe humanity into the ear of a southern man, you will be enacting over again the injunctions of the Old Testament. Moses laid down rules in regard to slaves, commanding such a treatment of them as amounted to their redemption from Slavery. No fellow countryman was to be a slave, and he that was a bondman was to be as one of his master's household. Suppose a Jew with such a family as a Jew would have, a family of ten or twenty children, obliged to supply his slaves, not only with victuals but with all the instruction which he gave his own children, and you will see that, in telling how to hold slaves, the inspired legislator as good as forbid holding them altogether. Let us speak thus to southern masters; let us say, if Slavery be right, practise it thus; treat your slaves as you do your own children; treat them as immortal beings; and let Slavery be thus treated, and it cannot be kept up.

As to the religious instruction of slaves, it is said that they are generally instructed, but we must not be deceived. In Georgia and South Carolina, I admit, they receive more religious teaching than elsewhere; the credit is due to missionaries; but, as a general thing, the heathenism of the American negro slave is as absolute as that which prevails in the centre of the Malay nations.

Such, I repeat, are the practical measures which we have to adopt; we must restrain Slavery within its present limits, that, so, it may exhaust itself; we have the right to do it, and now is the time to do it. We must, in the next place, employ public sentiment to ameliorate the laws which rule the slave, and to better his condition, to prevent the tearing asunder of family ties, and to secure for him religious instruction. Healthy public sentiment at the North must ameliorate public sentiment at the South; it will improve the slave code; it will better the condition of the slave there. Religion must be our great agent; it alone has the regenerating power; it alone has unquestioned authority over the public mind, and it speaks as one having authority; it alone has the endurance, the perseverance which no other agency possesses; it alone stands on the high and holy ground which separates it from mere human interests, which disconnects it from the impurity and imperfections of mere earthly institutions, which removes it from the current of party impulses; and it alone supplies the proper spirit wherewith to enter on the work which lies before us.

For, the motive which religion supplies is—kindness and love. Love must not, of need, be silent in its utterance, it is consistent with the most intense feeling and the most forcible expression of that feeling. And to all there must be added fidelity and courage, the application of the great elements of justice, *not* expediency; we must take the measurement of right, and vast though it be (for it reaches to the heavens), that must be our rule and our standard.

Moreover, there must be hopefulness and perseverance. My brethren (I suppose I may say so though not speaking on the Sabbath-day), may I not say that religion and the Anti-Slavery impulse ought to be identical? May I not claim that by the same bond we ought to be Christians and Emancipators? Let the horizon be dark as it may, should you not remember that you are God's soldiers, and that you must fight, not only in prosperity, but in adversity? You must have patience and courage above all things. For me, I am free to say I have courage and hope. I believe that State after State will throw off the evil, and come out immaculate. But we must act in the true spirit; we have been too much men and not enough Christians—we must depend chiefly on the religious impulse, and appeals to the religious feelings of our fellow-men.

I have not only courage, but patience, and so must we all. Were it to please God that I should live eighty years more (which God forbid!), to the end I would persevere, and in the great sphere of public duty know nothing but liberty for myself, for my children, for my neighbours, for North, for South, for white, for black! for all mankind! (Great applause.) Like him who digs into the soil, and by slow effort and patient labour prepares the tilth for his purpose, so let us, seeking not superficial extension, but profundity, go deeper and deeper into the soil of society, till we reach the bottom, and until a harvest springs up under our hearts to make glad the eyes and hearts of all who look at it; till the whole world shall be one family, all men brothers, and God well pleased in the consummation of the work (enthusiastic applause).

[In justice to Mr. Beecher, we ought to say that the foregoing report was not subjected to his revision. The rapidity with which he speaks makes it difficult to report him verbatim under any circumstances, and the reporter in this instance was perhaps less careful than he would have been if he had known beforehand that a full report would find a market. The speech as above rendered, though in some respects failing to do full justice to the original, will be found, we hope, to contain no *essential* variation from the speaker's language.—Eds. Standard.]

Selections.

NEBRASKA.

Before the tribunal of Public Opinion all great public measures must ultimately come for decision. What Congress or a Legislature may do this winter is important; but what the People are thinking and resolving around their quiet firesides is far more important. We propose, therefore, before prejudice, passion and party spirit shall be aroused to cloud the public judgment and stifle the National conscience, to set forth, calmly and candidly, the question which is now to be decided by the Country in the organization of Nebraska Territory.

Some twenty-five years ago, the Territory of Missouri formed a State Constitution and presented herself at the doors of Congress, asking admission into the Union. On examination, certain provisions of that Constitution shocked the moral sense and provoked the deepest hostility of the Free States. They did not merely establish and legalize Slavery in Missouri, where it had indeed existed under French and Spanish domination long before as well as ever since we purchased this Territory; but they provided also for legislation to forbid the settlement of Free Blacks or Mulattoes within the State. The House of Representatives, under the lead of Gen. James Tallmadge (Democrat), of this State, rejected the application and refused to admit the State with her pro-Slavery Constitution. In the Senate, the opposition to it was led by the Hon. Rufus King (Federalist), also of this State; but the Slave States were strong enough in this branch to pass the bill with little or no aid from the Free. There was no party division on the subject; the Legislature of our State unanimously resolved against the admission, and throughout the Free States scarcely a voice was raised against the sweeping current of spontaneous, unorganized resistance to the admission of Missouri with her ultra Slave Constitution.

At the next Session (1820–1), a strong Committee of Conference between the two Houses was formed, Mr. Clay (Speaker of the House) being at its head, and through his great influence and unsurpassed efforts a bill or adjustment was finally devised which has ever since been known as 'the Missouri Compromise.' This Compromise allowed Missouri to come into the Union, provided she eliminated from her Constitution the obnoxious provision excluding Free Blacks from her soil, but with this further condition or makeweight on the side of Freedom and Humanity:

"*Provided*, that in all territory *ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana* which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, Slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby, FOREVER PROHIBITED: *Provided always*, That any person escaping into the same, from whom labour or service is lawfully claimed in any State or Territory of the United States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labour or service as aforesaid."

This Compromise was once defeated in Committee of the Whole and again in the House (83 to 80), but finally revived and pushed through by a vote of 87 to 81.

The *Herald* of Saturday, commenting on the call signed by Walter R. Jones and others for a City Meeting to protest against the passage of Douglas's Nebraska bill, most untruly, but, we presume, ignorantly, says:

"This indignation at the prospect of carrying Slavery above the Missouri line of 36 deg. 30 min. may be natural enough; but the parties to the call seem to forget that *the Missouri Compromise line was first invaded by refusing the line of 36 deg. 30 min. in the admission of California.* The people of the State had defined its boundaries down to the thirty-second degree of north latitude; they had excluded the South from the whole of it; and Congress took them in at their word, casting out every attempt at making the line of 36 deg. 30 min.—or 36 deg., or 35 deg.—the southern boundary of the State. They gave the South not a square inch of California, though one-half of it lies below the Missouri Compromise line."

A glance at the terms of the Missouri Compromise will show that it had and could have no reference to California or any other Territory recently acquired from Mexico, as it is expressly limited to "*the Territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana*"—that is, to Nebraska and all the Territory of the United States lying North of 36 deg. 30 min. west of the Mississippi and east of the Rio del Norte and the Rocky Mountains. When Congress organized Oregon, and expressly excluded Slavery therefrom, a Southern attempt was made to assert in the bill that this exclusion was based on the fact that Oregon lies North of 36 deg. 30 min., thus extending that line to the Pacific; but Congress refused to say or do any such thing. The Missouri Compromise had already excluded Slavery from the Territory east of the Rocky Mountains, but there its application was limited by those Mountains; so Congress proceeded expressly and finally to exclude Slavery from Oregon likewise.

This Compromise, be it remembered, was not proposed by the North. The overture came from the South, and three-fourths of its support was Southern. John Randolph of course opposed it, from hatred of Mr. Clay; but nearly every Southern vote was cast in its favour, while its few Northern friends nearly all sacrificed themselves by sustaining it. Senator John F. Parrot, of New Hampshire, who voted for it, dropped dead as stone politically and never recovered; Senator William A. Palmer, of Vermont, was buried by his support of it, and was with great difficulty resuscitated nearly twenty years afterward by a dip into the Anti-Masonic caldron; we believe John Holmes, of Maine, and Henry R. Storrs, of this State, were temporarily crushed by their support of it; and we have a pretty strong impression that Henry Shaw (now of our City and late a State Senator, but then a Member of the House from the Berkshire District, Mass.) was put out of Congress for his support of the Missouri bill, and has never since found his way back again. But it was a long while ago, and present recollections of it are indistinct; but of the general fact that the North considered that Compromise a betrayal of its rights and surrender of its principles, and discarded almost every public man who promoted it, there can be no dispute.

Well: the time has at length arrived for giving effect to its conditions on the side of Freedom. Slavery took her part of the consideration in hand, while freedom has waited twenty-four years for hers; and now Mr. Douglas proposes to repudiate altogether, rub out the whole contract, and coolly assume that a subsequent Compromise—that of 1850—has nullified our end of it! Hear him:

"Under this section [of the Missouri Compromise, quoted above], as in the case of the Mexican law in New York and Utah, it is a disputed point whether Slavery is prohibited in the Nebraska country by *valid* enactment. The decision of this question involves the constitutional power of Congress to pass laws prescribing and regulating the domestic institutions of the various Territories of the Union. In the opinion of those eminent statesmen who hold that Congress is invested with no rightful authority to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the Territories, the eighth section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri is null and void; while the prevailing sentiment in a large portion of the Union sustains the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States secures to every citizen an unalienable right to move into any Territories with his properties of whatever kind and description, and to hold and enjoy the same under the sanction of law.

"Your Committee do not feel themselves called upon to enter into the discussion of these controverted questions. They involve the same grave issues which produced the agitation, the sectional strife, and the fearful struggle of 1850. As Congress deemed it wise and prudent to refrain from deciding the matter in controversy then, either by affirming or repealing the Mexican laws, or by an act declaratory of the true intent of the Constitution, and the extent of the protection afforded by it to slave property in the Territory, so your Committee are not prepared now to recommend a departure from the course pursued on that memorable occasion either by affirming or repealing the eighth section of the Missouri Act or by any act declaratory of the meaning of the Constitution in respect to the legal points in dispute. Your Committee deem it fortunate for the peace of the country and the security of the Union, that the controversy then resulted in the adoption of the Compromise Measures, which the two great political parties with singular unanimity have affirmed as a cardinal article of their faith, and proclaimed to the world as a final settlement of the controversy, and an end of the agitation. A due respect, therefore, for the avowed opinions of Senators, as well as a proper sense of patriotic duty, enjoin upon your Committee the propriety and necessity of a strict adherence to the principles, and even a literal adoption of the enactments, of that adjustment in all their Territorial bills, so far as the same are not locally inapplicable. Those enactments embrace, among other things less material under consideration, the following provisions:

"'When admitted as a State, the said Territory, or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without Slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.'

* * * * * * *

"From these provisions, it is apparent that the Compromise Measures of 1850 affirm and rest upon the following propositions:

"First, that all questions pertaining to Slavery in the Territories, and in the new States to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, through their proper representatives, to be chosen by them for that purpose.

"Second, that 'all cases involving titles to slaves,' and 'questions of personal freedom,' are referred to the adjudication of the local tribunals, with the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Third, that the provisions of the Constitution of the United States in respect to fugitives from service are to be carried into faithful execution in all 'the organized Territories,' the same as in the States.

"The substitute for the bill which your Committee have prepared, and which is commended to the favourable action of the Senate, proposes to carry these propositions and principles into practical operation, in the precise language of the Compromise measures of 1850."

—That is to say: All that part of the Missouri Compromise which favoured Slavery is fixed, unquestioned, established and irrevocable; but so much of it as favours Freedom is a "disputed point," and is perhaps not a "*valid* enactment." "Eminent statesmen" have declared that Congress has no control over the subject of Slavery in the Territories, though the Constitution expressly provides that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting all territory or other property belonging to the United States"—that is, Congress shall have the same power over the U. S. Territories that a man has over his own house or horse. Even if it were possible to construe this in the narrow, technical sense of a mere power to take care of a valuable property, that would still be sufficient; for Slavery notoriously depreciates the value and retards the settlement of unimproved lands, and Congress might properly exclude it from the Territories for that reason if no other.

But Mr. Douglas does not propose to let Slavery into Nebraska merely on the legal principle of giving the culprit the benefit of a doubt. He coolly assumes that the legislation of 1850, instead of being a compromise, was a surrender at discretion on the part of the Free States! We had demanded the exclusion of Slavery from the territory just acquired from Mexico, or its inhibition therein: the South had resisted this and claimed the right to "emigrate thither with their property," human or other; and Congress had somehow split the difference and made a Compromise. This Compromise, says Mr. Douglas, was not merely a waiver of the Proviso: it was a solemn affirmation by Congress that in all Territories thereafter organized there should be no legal impediment offered to the introduction of Slavery, even though these Territories (as in the case of Nebraska) had long since been expressly shielded from bondage "forever" by a deliberate act of Congress. The Compromise of 1850 is thus interpreted by Mr. Douglas as not merely a surrender by the North of all that was then at stake, but of all that had previously been settled in her favour! For even in the annexation of Texas (March 2, 1845) it was expressly stipulated (see *Whig Almanac* for 1846, p. 56) that

"Such States as may be formed out of that portion of said Territory lying south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union with or without Slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire. And in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri Compromise line, Slavery or involuntary servitude (except for crime) shall be *prohibited*."

Here again is the principle of the Missouri Compromise re-affirmed and applied to a newly-acquired territory, involving of course the right to apply it to any territory not involved in the terms of a previous compact. Yet this, too, is subverted and pronounced a nullity by the tenour of Douglas's report, closely followed in the terms of his bill.

Under ordinary circumstances, we should not suppose it possible that such a bill had a chance in the House, however it might have in the Senate. But there never before was a time so favourable to such a measure as the present. In the first place, the present Administration is graveled by the charges brought against it by the Hards of practical infidelity to the South on the Slavery question, and are disposed to take some bold step to repel that accusation. Congress is strongly "Democratic"—nearly two to one—and this monstrous bill is to be put through as a party measure if possible. The *Union* indorses and commends it; so do the leading organs of the Cabinet throughout the country. Thus the President's home organ, the New Hampshire *Patriot*, has the following:

"Washington, Jan. 14, 1854.

"The Nebraska bill, as reported by the Territorial Committee in the Senate, *seems likely to pass both branches of Congress triumphantly, without eliciting any serious opposition*, and in such a form as to apply to the fullest extent the principles of the Compromise of 1850 to the new territory."

This same gross misrepresentation respecting "the principles of the Compromise of 1850," began with Douglas and runs through all his echoes. How baseless it is, we have already shown.

But again: "The party" in this State is divided into two equal and intensely hostile camps, each of them claiming to be Simon Pure friends of the South and champions of the Democratic pro-Slavery faith. The South means to test them, and to regard the support of this atrocious bill as the touchstone of Democratic orthodoxy. Thus when Mr. Hughes (Barnburner), of our State had closed his defence of the Softs,

"Mr. Stanton (of Ky.) wished to know the principle of the party to which the gentleman belongs. Would his party in New York, or would the delegates representing that party called the Softs, *vote for the application of the Compromise of 1850 to the Nebraska bill when it comes up?*

"Mr. Hughes replied—If on investigation it should be found to be soundly Constitutional and Democratic the Softs of New York would be found sustaining it and walking side by side with the gentleman from Kentucky; and he had no doubt if the Hards had not forgotten their party fealty, they would be found acting with them."

Thus you see that the two factions are to be stimulated to run a race in servility and treason, and whichever dives the deepest and comes up foulest is to be recognised by the South as the genuine Baltimore Democracy.

Is it not time that the Press of the Free States, without distinction of party, should speak out on this question? If those States are to be sold out, let them at least have an opportunity to protest.—*Tribune*.

DOUGLAS'S AMENDED BILL.

U. S. Senate, Jan. 23.

Mr. Douglas asked leave to make a report from the Committee on Territories. He said the attention of the Committee had been directed to the fact that the Southern boundary of Nebraska, as laid down in the bill heretofore reported, which was 36 deg. 30 min., would divide the Cherokee country.

To avoid this the Committee had determined to recommend 37 deg. as the Southern boundary. The people of that country had two Delegates acting as their agents in this city, who had urged that the country be divided into two territories—one Nebraska, the other Kansas Territory.

The delegation from Iowa, and so far as he had been able to consult with the Missouri delegation, satisfied the Committee that it would be better to have two territories. There were some other amendments made by the Committee in relation to a delicate subject, and which were made with a view that there could be no difference of opinion as to the meaning of the bill. These amendments had been prepared by the Committee in the shape of a new bill.

Mr. Johnson—Do you put both territories into one bill?

Mr. Douglas—The one bill will provide territorial governments for both Nebraska and Kanzas. The Committee desire that this new bill be printed.

The motion to print was agreed to.

Mr. Douglas's new bill thus defines the boundaries of Kansas and Nebraska. All that part of the Territory of the United States included within the following limits, except such portions thereof as are hereinafter expressly exempted from the operations of this act, to wit: Beginning at a point in the Missouri River where the fortieth parallel of north latitude cro ses the same; thence west on said parallel to the summit of the highlands, the waters flowing into the Green River or Colorado of the West, from the waters flowing into the Great Basin, thence northward on the said highlands to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, thence on said summit northward to the 49th parallel of north latitude, thence west on said parallel to the western boundary of the Territory of Minnesota, thence southward on said boundary to the Mississippi River, thence down the main channel of said river to the place of beginning; be, and the same is hereby created into a temporary Government by the name of the Territory of Nebraska. All that part of the Territory of the United States included within the following, except such portions thereof as are hereinafter expressly exempted from the operations of this act, to wit: Beginning at a point on the western boundary of the State of Missouri where the 37th parallel of north latitude cross the same, thence west on said parallel to the eastern boundary of New Mexico, thence north on said boundary to lat. 38, thence following said boundary westard to the summit of the highlands, dividing the water flowing into the Colorado of the West or Green River from the waters flowing into the Great Basin, thence northward on said summit to the 40th parallel of latitude, thence east on said parallel to the western boundary of the State of Missouri, thence south with the western boundary of said State to the place of beginning, be and the same is hereby created into a temporary government by the name of the Territory of Kanzas.

The second providing for the election of a delegate is amended by adding to the words, that the Constitution and all laws of the United States which are not locally inapplicable shall have the same force and effect within the said Territory as elsewhere in the United States, the following:

Except the eighth section of the Act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 6, 1820, which was superseded by the principles of the legislation of 1850, commonly called the Compromise measures, and is declared inoperative.

Section 21. *And be it further enacted*, That in order to avoid all further misconstruction, it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of this act, so far as the question of Slavery is concerned, to carry into practical operation the following proposition and principles established by the Compromise Measures of 1850, to wit: *First*—That all questions pertaining to Slavery in the Territories and in the new States to be formed, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, through their appropriate representatives. *Second*—That all cases involving title to slaves and questions of personal freedom, are referred to the adjudication of the local tribunals, with the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. *Third*—That the provisions of the Constitutions and laws of the United States in respect to fugitives from justice, are to be carried into faithful execution in all the organized Territories, the same as in the States.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

A large number of the present issue of the National Anti-Slavery Standard having been printed for gratuitous circulation (for the most part among the audience that may be assembled on Tuesday evening next, at the Tabernacle, to hear from Hon. Horace Greeley the Eighth Lecture in the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course), we respectfully ask those who may receive it in this way to look carefully at its contents and consider whether they can in any other way better promote the cause of freedom and provide for their own edification than by sending in their names as regular subscribers.

The *Standard* is published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which William Lloyd Garrison, the Pioneer of the Modern Anti-Slavery Movement, is President, and consequently exhibits the views of the Advance Guard of the great Moral Army which is beleaguring the citadel of American Slavery. The Course of Lectures now being delivered from week to week in the Tabernacle (acknowledged to be the most important and useful movement made in this city, in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, for many years) was originated and has been carried forward by the friends of that Society, whose catholic spirit is fitly represented in the various phases of Anti-Slavery opinion embraced by the lecturers. The only opinions on which the members of the Society profess to agree, and which constitute its test of membership, are these: The Sinfulness of Slavery under all circumstances; the Duty of Immediate Emancipation. Every person who holds these fundamental opinions, whatever may be his or her views of religion or politics, or of any other subject than Slavery, is cordially welcomed to fellowship and coöperation. The Society actually embraces every shade of political and religious sentiment, from conservatism to democracy, and from the most rigid orthodoxy to the utmost verge of what the so-called evangelical sects regard as heresy. The bond of union being a common love of liberty as the gift of God, and a common hatred of Slavery as opposed to his law and to the rights and interests of humanity, there is no want of harmony springing from political or religious differences. Those who have been accustomed to hear this Society spoken of as an infidel association may be assured that the charge has no other foundation than is afforded by the simple fact, that it invites and welcomes the coöperation of every honest lover of Liberty and hater of Slavery, without stopping to ask what is his religious creed. One year's perusal of the *Standard* will, we are sure, be quite sufficient to satisfy any one, however prejudiced, that, whatever may be its faults, it is the earnest friend and supporter of the religion taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ and his Apostles, so far at least as that religion can be supposed to have any relation to the question of American Slavery.

The *Standard* is conducted by Messrs. Sydney Howard Gay and Oliver Johnson, with the coöperation of Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Boston, as Corresponding Editor. It aims to present, as far its limits will permit, a fair view of the progress of the Anti-Slavery Movement in this and foreign lands; to record the action of legislative and ecclesiastical bodies; and by all appropriate means to foster and promote the MORAL AGITATION which must precede and prepare the way for all effective Political Action, whether such action be, as we think it must, revolutionary, or confined to the limits prescribed by the present Constitution of the United States. It publishes, from time to time, reports of Anti-Slavery Anniversaries and Conventions, held in various places, embracing the speeches of such champions of Liberty as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Gerrit Smith, Lucy Stone and many others. The literary department of the paper is conducted with great care, and has often elicited the warmest commendations from persons whose judgment in such matters is recognised as worthy of the highest confidence. To a limited extent, the current intelligence of the day is given in its columns.

Terms $2 00 per annum, or $1 for six months. Subscriptions received at the Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 142 Nassau Street—second story, first door on the right. The paper is distributed in the city by a carrier, free of charge to subscribers.

Persons wishing to subscribe may, if they choose, hand in their names, with the payment, to Oliver Johnson, or any other member of the Committee of Arrangements, upon the platform, at the close of either of the Lectures at the Tabernacle.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Nebraska and its relations to Slavery and the Compromises is now the uppermost question in the surging sea of American politics. Those who desire to understand the precise nature of the issue now pending before the country cannot do better than read the careful statement of the precise facts in the case, which we have copied, in another part of this sheet from the *Tribune*. It will be observed that since that statement was penned, Senator Douglas, on behalf of the Territorial Committee, has offered a substitute for the bill first reported, by which it is proposed to organize two Territories instead of one—to be named Nebraska and Kansas respectively; the Southern boundary of each to be fixed at 37 deg. instead of 36 deg. 30 min. The reason assigned for this change of boundary is, a desire to avoid dividing the Cherokee country. The object of dividing the territory is not so clear. Perhaps it is thought that the North can be more easily made a party to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the establishment of Slavery in Nebraska, if the project is coupled with the pretence that *another* Territory on the West, to be called Kansas, is to be graciously *permitted* by the slaveholders to become at some future time a free State. The whole proposition, in whatever form it may be presented, is a fraud upon the Free States, concocted by Presidential aspirants with a view to secure Southern support at the election in 1856. It is thus that the Slave Power always pushes its projects. The following remarks of the *Times* are as pertinent as they are just:

It is easy enough to detect the partisan purposes which lurk under this movement. Senator Douglas is an aspirant for the Presidency. He is cunning, unscrupulous and desperate. He has brought forward this scheme, first, to strengthen himself with the pro-Slavery interest in the Southern States; and, second, to crowd Secretary Marcy, whose friends it is supposed will flinch from this test, out of his path for the nomination. The "Hards" of New York, led by the Albany *Argus*, and echoed by the Washington *Sentinel*, lend it their aid, in order to force the Administration upon the breakers, and so compel them to throw the "Softs" overboard, or sink them both together. And the Softs, led by John Van Buren and the Albany *Atlas*, with a flexibility of principle for which even the Hards had not given them due credit, seem disposed to head off the scheme by filing a declaration in advance, that human ingenuity can frame no test of party adhesion, and exact no conditions of subserviency to Slavery, at which they will falter for a single instant. There is, therefore, a strong combination of party interests in favour of this scheme. The Administration of President Pierce seeks to signalize its advent, and to perpetuate its power, by raising this standard of the *Repeal* of the Missouri Compromise.

Of the causes and consequences of the plot the *Times* also speaks in the following emphatic terms:

This repeal of the Compromise of 1820, and this violation of the Compromise of 1850, are in the interest and for the extension of Slavery. Their sole aim is to establish it in new territory from which it is now excluded—to provide for a future increase in the number of Slave States—to add to the power of Slavery in Congress—and to restore to the slave States that preponderance in the Federal Legislation of which they have been deprived by the laws of national growth and the natural development of population. It is worthy of notice, however, that *it does not come from the South.* It is not the growth of Southern sentiment; it is not prompted by Southern ambition; we do not believe it is sustained by the sober judgment of the Southern people. It is the hellish spawn of demagoguism and partisanship. It comes from a quarter which recognises no public good that is not identical with private interest. We have no doubt that Senator Douglas would, at any moment, sacrifice any public principle, however valuable, and plunge the country into foreign war or internal dissension, however fatal they might prove, if he could thereby advance himself a single step towards the Presidential chair. President Pierce seems willing to play a similar desperate and hazardous game, for the retention of power. Both undoubtedly assume that when the issue is once presented, the ultra pro-Slavery fanatics in the Southern States will force the whole South into its support, and that party drill will control the North. The calculation may be shrewd and cunning, and as a party plot the scheme may be successful. But its very success will sow the seed of a future contest which will admit of no compromise, and which may rend the Union into contending parts. The passage of this Nebraska bill, in the form Senator Douglas has seen fit to give it, will root out from the Northern mind the last vestige of confidence in the good faith of the advocates of Slavery, and create a deep-seated, intense and ineradicable hatred of the institution which will crush its political power, at all hazards, and at any cost.

If President Pierce desires to signalize his administration by laying the foundation for such an agitation and such a war, by an act of open perfidy to a solemn compact enacted in 1820, and renewed in 1850, in the face of his own explicit pledge, and contrary to just expectations of the American people, the step he has just taken is in the right direction. We have no hope that it will be retraced. That it will be repented, in due time, we do not for a moment doubt.

We are pleased to observe, that the Senators and a majority of the Representatives in Congress from the State of Ohio have issued an address to their constituents, warning them of the impending crisis and entreating them to make their protest as earnest and potent as possible, and solemnly pledging their own influence and votes, and all the ability God has given them, to the resistance of a scheme fraught with such momentous consequences. This address we may perhaps be able to publish next week. It is as eloquent as it is timely.

We are also glad to learn that resolutions in opposition to Douglas's project were introduced in the Legislature of this State on Monday last, and that they are likely, after discussion, to be adopted by a nearly unanimous vote.

In this city, too, there are signs of strong opposition to this fraudulent construction of the Compromise of 1850. A call, of which the following is a copy, is in circulation, and has already received the signatures of many of the most prominent supporters of the Fugitive Slave Act.

NO INFRINGEMENT OF PLIGHTED FAITH!

No Violation of the Missouri Compromise!

The merchants, mechanics and citizens of New York generally, without distinction of party, who would preserve inviolate the Missouri Compromise, are invited to meet at

THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE,

On ——— evening, the — of January, to protest against the project now pending in the Senate of the United States for the repeal of that section of the Missouri act which forever prohibits Slavery in the territories lying north of 36 degrees and 30 minutes.

The *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Express*, two leading Compromise journals in 1850, are out in opposition to this new scheme of the slaveholders, and the *Evening Post* expresses its belief that the public opinion of the city is strongly and overwhelmingly on the same side.

Recent advices from Washington indicate a purpose on the part of the Administration to press the question to a decision at once, without giving time for the manifestation of an opposing sentiment on the part of the North. Many Northern members, whose votes are necessary to carry the measure, are said to be shaking in their shoes for fear of the retribution that may follow.

JOHN MITCHEL.

The pro-slavery declaration of John Mitchel, which we copied last week, has provoked many replies, but we have seen none more to the point than one from a fellow-exile, Count Holinski of Poland, which appeared in the last number of *Le Republicain* of this city. We translate it for the *Standard*:

Sir: Democratic Europe loved to place you in the first rank of the champions of Liberty.

Defender of the unacknowledged rights of Ireland, all nations, every oppressed race, saw in you their legitimate defender.

After your speech at San Francisco, after your explicit declaration that the general tendency of the Old World is to Republicanism, the Universal Republic counted with certainty upon you.

So long yourself a martyr to a cause inseparable from and bound up in the cause of the whole race, how could one but hope that your sympathies would belong to the victims of every tyranny?

This hope, I could almost have said, this assurance has been unaccountably destroyed by the second number of your *Citizen*.

Replying to one of your compatriots, Mr. Haughton, who exhorts you to be true to your principles, and to espouse the cause of the wretched slaves of the United States, you say:

"We are not Abolitionists—no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion. 'By your silence,' says Mr. Haughton, 'you will become a participator in their wrongs.' But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participator in the wrongs, *we, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.*"

What language, Sir, and what a wish! A captive who has broken his comparatively easy bonds, and who declares he is not an Abolitionist, says, in other terms, that he wishes to rivet the heavy chains of the slave! A man who puts Queen Victoria and her ministers under the ban of humanity for such oppression of him and his proclaims as right tortures a hundred times more degrading, more poignant, more grievous, inflicted upon millions of his fellow-men. Sell these wretched beings, buy them, drive them to labour with the whip; all that has your approbation, ardent opponent of the oppression of Ireland! But your compatriots are neither bought nor sold like beasts of burden, and no one has ever dreamed of curing them of idleness by flagellation. No! the bloody cowhide of the overseer has never lacerated the backs of your countrymen, and they are never offered, at public sale, at so much a head; men, women and children, in lots to suit purchasers.

The Emerald Isle may esteem itself happy that it is not in subjection to a government that dares to realize a similitude which you make, in the same article, between the Irish and the slaves of Alabama, those slaves of whom you covet a good share. Then, Sir, no more of this painful agitation, no more of this hope of obtainining redress for religious and political wrongs, no more even of this emigration itself! Those who wished to seek for liberty in America would be advertised, pursued, thrown into prisons, and, by the decisions of some petty judge, delivered to their owners. They would in that case, according to you, be better lodged and better clothed than they now actually are. I will admit this pretended advantage, though it might be contested, and then ask of your Irish brethren, naked and hungry, if they are willing to purchase food and covering at the price of the ownership of their own persons. A thousand times, No! answers me every man worthy of a better lot, for their aspirations are not merely for the comforts of domestic animals, but for that happiness of which liberty is a first condition.

If your words may be taken seriously; if, to-morrow, I repeat, the British government, convinced by your example of the superiority of the condition of the negro-slaves to that of the Irish, wished to reduce your opinion to practise, what would come of it? The most wretched of your countrymen would revolt at it, would die indignant—but, at least, exempt from the shameful stigma of an adject servitude, even if they should owe to this servitude shelter and clothing of the best.

A man of your talent, Sir, should not put forth these imaginary parallels dissipated by a breath of the lightest examination. Thus it is—permit me to say, notwithstanding my respect for your great intelligence—a great presumption in you to compare yourself to Moses, to Socrates, to Jesus Christ, in entering the lists in defence of Slavery. Never did Moses, never did Socrates, never did Jesus Christ, come, as you have done, to sanction the ownership of man in man.

The wise legislator of the Hebrews was pre-eminently the Abolitionist of his age. He found Slavery in Egypt, and he suffered it only for a fixed period. And Slavery for a term of years was necessarily stripped of its most odious characteristics; it was rather a condition of guardianship or apprenticeship. On this subject you may consult with advantage the excellent book of Mr. Barnes.

Socrates, whose life was a perpetual effort to repress all evil propensities, never, that I have heard, wished to become a wealthy possessor of slaves. Poverty was a virtue in his eyes, and this sentiment could not make him envy the indolent, living in the bosom of luxury, on the sweat and blood of others. You will oblige me much by indicating any passage in Xenophon or Plato where this man, the most just of all the Greeks, excuses and extols cupidity—the first and most miserable source of tyranny in any form. If the passage exists, it has escaped me.

As to the founder of Christianity, he, hitherto, has been proclaimed, and on the best ground, the chiefest of all Abolitionists. In order to prove it, it is not necessary to cite many texts. *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Love your neighbour as yourself.* Is there an oppression on the earth—whether called Slavery or despotism—which can exist except in flagrant violation of these two admirable precepts, the sum of Christianity and of Christian philosophy? Has the Crucified come to whisper in your ear that the black or the mulatto is not your neighbour? Has he authorized you to buy, to sell, to lacerate the palpitating flesh of the slaves, whilst you would seem to revolt at being yourself bought, sold, and subjected to ignoble chastisements? Christ, that friend of all the poor, of all the unhappy, of all the suffering, not an Abolitionist! Excuse the term, Sir, but this is blasphemy against the truth.

If you are a Christian, you cannot justly draw a conclusion so false to the Gospel. If you are only a Catholic, you are guilty of heresy; you are in opposition to the Popes.

It certainly is of little consequence that this most crying of all social iniquities has been disapproved and condemned by the Pontiffs of Rome. They might all have sanctioned it from the time of St. Peter to Pio Nono, and this iniquity would not thereby have been made any more justifiable. Imagine a Bull that authorized the trampling of Ireland under foot; you would hold it of as little authority as I should.

Nevertheless, as your Catholic readers may be curious to know how far the Apostolic See may share your sentiments upon such Slavery as that which exists in the United States, I think it proper to make the following citations:

Before the discovery of America, in 1462, Pius II. sent a bishop to Guina to forbid the Portuguese making the African converts an article of trade [*Gregory XVI.; Littera Apostolicæ de Nigritarum commercio non exercendo*, 1840]. Afterward Leo X. declared that not the Christian religion only, but that nature herself, cries out against a condition of Slavery. Paul III. and Urban VIII., in reproving the misdeeds of the Spaniards in the New World, condemned the traffic in men, denounced those who engaged in it directly, as well as those who supported it indirectly. Benedict XIV. renewed and confirmed the ordinances of his predecessors. Pius VII. used all his influence with the conquerors of Napoleon to procure, by a special treaty, the Abolition of the Slave Trade. And, finally, Gregory XVI. marked his barbarous reign by one laudable act, in raising, in his turn, his voice against the commerce in negroes. "We warn and conjure," he said in the encyclical letter already referred to, "all faithful Christians, for the future, neither to harass the Indians and negroes, to rob them of their substance, nor to reduce them to Slavery. . . . . nor to carry on that inhuman traffic in which the negroes, as if they were brutes and not men, are bought, sold, and subjected to the severest toil, contrary to every dictate of humanity and justice."

A participation in Slavery, then, whether of Indians or Negroes, has always been considered as highly criminal by the Popes. Would they so invariably, so perseveringly, have denounced a system in which it is impossible to see *either a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo?*

Thus Christianity, even through all the corruptions of Roman Catholicism, has preserved its Anti-Slavery character. It is to repudiate it, therefore, in its very essence, to accuse Christ of being an advocate of human bondage.

Since you found it necessary to sanction your opinion by three great names, it must be confessed that your choice, though made, no doubt, at hazard, is a most unfortunate one. It could not have been more so, perhaps, if for Moses, Socrates and Jesus Christ, you had substituted Kossuth, Mazzini, and Victor Hugo. For the living can protest better than the dead.

Kossuth, notwithstanding his cautious reticency while in the United States, might defy you to produce a single line of his, a single word in favour of your strange doctrine. The spirit of all his speeches is that of the immortal act of his glorious dictatorship: the Abolition of servitude in Hungary.

Mazzini, himself the personification of devotion, has given evidence of his sympathy with suffering of every kind, of his hatred of every form of tyranny. He attacked directly, and with passionate fervour, the Slavery of the United States in an article published in Boston in 1846.*

Victor Hugo, beside an admirable letter in which he avows his firm confidence of yet seeing America purify herself from the most shameful of all pollutions, might point to you that passage of his *Chatiments*:

L'Europe, en rougissant, dit: Quoi! j'avais des rois!
Et l'Amérique dit: Quoi! j'avais des esclaves!

Such men, Sir, are the true precursors of the Universal Republic. She recognises no others. Whoever approves of oppression, it matters not under what name, it matters not of what race, is an enemy of the Universal Republic.

But if the Universal Republic is nothing to you, if Ireland alone has any interest for you, her cause is but badly served, believe me, by separating it from that of other victims of tyranny; her rights are unworthily maintained in denying the rights of a vast portion of Humanity.

The joy of Ireland, happy at your deliverance, will be dashed with bitterness to know that, in another cause, you are in open disagreement with her most illustrious patriot.

I hear the indignant voice of O'Connell crying out from the tomb his beautiful words of 1837:

"We are all the children of the same Creator, heirs of the same promise, redeemed by the blood of the same Redeemer; and it matters not to what caste, to what colour, to what faith we may belong!"

When your profession of faith upon the subject of Slavery shall have crossed the Atlantic, grievous will be the disappointment of your friends, as has been ours, the democrats of various nations, gathered together here in New York. In place of a journal which would be, we had hoped, an antidote to that already established, which is also Irish, but devoted to despotism, you have given us instead merely a second edition of that paper.

Why then should the *Citizen* enter into competition with the *Freeman's Journal?* Is it that two journals are needed, one to extol the odious cruelties of Pio Nono and kings blessed by his bloody hands, the other to sanction the atrocities of American planters; this to rivet the chains of the blacks, that to rivet the chains of the whites? The *Freeman's Journal*, it seems to me, is quite equal to the double labour.

If the sale of the *Citizen* shall soon enable you to purchase a plantation in Alabama we shall regret, for your own sake, to see you, an ex-martyr of liberty, subsisting by Slavery. We shall regret, too, the lot of your unfortunate bondmen, to whom the whip is promised in advance.

I regret, Sir, that I am not able to subscribe this letter with a name better known. But in the absence of the chiefs the obscure soldiers of the Universal Republic must do their duty.

Alexandre Holinski.

[*See also his letter to Mr. Ashurst, published in this and in other papers in August last.—*Ed. Standard.*]

The Play of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the National Theatre, though it has continued uninterruptedly for nearly 200 nights, is still drawing full houses. The proprietor, Mr. A. H. Purdy, has recently expended more than a thousand dollars in new scenery, decorations, &c. He has also added to the original representation two new scenes, viz.: that of the Ohio Senator and his wife, conversing together upon the hardships and cruelties of the Fugitive Slave Law, the former apologizing for and the latter denouncing them, when the arrival of Eliza and her child puts the Senator to the test and shows his heart to be sounder than his head; and that of the steamboat passing down the Mississippi, when Eva falls overboard and is rescued by Uncle Tom. Both of these scenes are exceedingly lifelike and impressive, adding much to the interest and the effect of the play. A distinguished gentleman of our acquaintance, eminent in literary circles, after witnessing the representation, said it greatly surpassed his most favourable anticipations, and that, in his judgment, it was adapted to work a great change in the public mind favourable to freedom. Such is our own conviction.

Another version of the same drama has been introduced upon the Bowery stage, of the merits or demerits of which we are unable to speak from our own observation. We learn, however, that it is of an inferior caste, though calculated, on the whole to do good to those who frequent that establishment. One of the most cheering of all the signs of the times in this introduction of Anti-Slavery upon the stage. Truth is thus conveyed to thousands whose prejudices forbade them to listen to it from any other source.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

——The Hartford *Republican* has commenced its purposed Sketches of "Modern Agitators" in a well-written and mainly just notice of Nathaniel P. Rogers, whose estrangement from some of his truest and best friends during the latter portion of his life we have always sincerely lamented.

——The Editors and Publishers of Newspapers in Western Massachusetts held a Convention at Springfield on the 17th inst. Nearly every press in the five Western Counties was represented, and there were present editors of all shades of political faith. Young and old, Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers, met with the most perfect good feeling, and entire harmony prevailed throughout the meeting. Men who have exhausted the dictionary in calling each other hard names shook hands, and each looked puzzled and rejoiced to find the other a first-rate fellow. Frequent allusions were made in conversation and in the dinner-speeches to old encounters, to hard hits and still harder talk, but everything was said and received in such a friendly, good-natured spirit that it seemed to contribute to the enjoyment of every one, and not a single thing occurred to mar the festivities of this most joyful occasion.

——The politicians at Washington, taking advantage of the present overflow of the treasury, are trying to secure large appropriations for the Army and Navy. The chief argument in favour of such appropriations is, that a great additional force is necessary to prevent Fillibustering. The *Tribune* suggests a better way of putting a stop to that species of buccaneering:

> We cannot stop Fillibustering by increasing the Army and Navy, if it be in our power to stop it at all. With five thousand miles of sea-coast and hundreds of ports looking out on the Gulf and two Oceans, an Army like the Russian and a Navy like the British would not answer that end. One resource we have, but that costs nothing, and so is unpopular at Washington. Let our Government emphatically declare that it will nevermore interfere in behalf of defeated and captured Fillibusters—that if they leave their country to invade or revolutionize foreign lands, they renounce their Nationality and take their lives in their hands, and we shall then have done something to the purpose. President Fillmore was widely blamed for threatening this in a Proclamation respecting the invasion of Cuba, when his real fault was not that he threatened it but that he did not keep his promise.

——The religious papers of the popular sects are lamenting over the acknowledged deadness of the Church, and the lack of recruits for the ministerial office. The *Wesleyan* indicates clearly enough the c[illegible] state of things when it says that "the immediate purpose of the Church," during the last fifteen years, has "seemed" to be "to keep an undisturbed silence on the systems of outrage that rich men practise;" and it hits the nail exactly on the head in saying that, "to entertain the opinion that Slavery was a sin under all circumstances, has been declared by large ecclesiastical bodies in this country, a complete disqualification for the ministry. No amount of talent, or piety, or usefulness, has been by such bodies deemed an offset to this. And men have been rejected from the ministry for this reason alone, and that openly alleged by the perpetrators. And it remains to this day the published standard of ministerial qualification, with one of the largest Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church—not the 'Church South!' but '*The Methodist Episcopal Church.*'" The *Wesleyan* regards the barrenness of the Church in failing to bring forth men enough to minister at her altars as "the withering blight of Divine displeasure." While young men of noble aspirations and genuine piety have been discouraged from entering upon the work of the ministry, men of selfish aims, who could accommodate their principles to the popular demand, have been thrust forward. Believing as we do with all our heart in the truth of Christianity, and relying upon it with unwavering faith as the Regenerating Power by which alone the world can be saved, we rejoice that the *Wesleyan* has dared to speak thus plainly, and we heartily join it in the sentiment, that "no Psalm singing, nor prayer offering, nor material aid, can produce a crop of living, throbbing, zealous hearts, panting for the battle of truth. *These are born of God.* These are the legitimate progeny of the Lamb's wife in full communion with her Divine Lord. While separated as now; while holding adulterous connection with the world and sin, no such sons can be born in the family of God."

——Senator Gwin, of California, made a speech, a few days since, setting forth the grievances of the State he represents. The point of the complaint is exhibited by the *Tribune* in its true light:

> Speaking in behalf of California—that ill-used region which never has anything done for it by the Government (though its Mails, Defence and Government, cost the Union two dollars for every one it returns to the Treasury), he discloses her latest and severest grievance. She does not now complain that her miners—being allowed to take for nothing from Public Lands the Gold which cost the American People many Millions, and have their letters rapidly carried to and fro at a cost of more dollars than they pay shillings—are not provided at public expense with negroes to dig and wash out the precious metal; he does not even pretend that California is not abundantly protected against internal convulsion and foreign invasion; he complains that her inhabitants are not sufficiently protected by the Government against their own insatiate longing to ravage and plunder abroad. They are not merely peculiarly organized and constituted with regard to hankering after what is not their own, but they are peculiarly situated also. Temptations throng and thicken around them; the Sandwich Islands in one direction; Lower California in another, and Sonora in a third; and if the Union don't stop them, they can't help putting their hands deep down into their neighbour's pockets. Their strait reminds us of the Irishman's who wondered why Father Matthew *wouldn't* come along and give him the pledge before he drank himself to death. And though their Senator assures us that the great majority of his constituents are honest, law-abiding, stay-at-home citizens, he insisted that they could exercise no control over the residue, who *would* go off Fillibustering unless the Government should erect forts and station ships so as to stop them. * * * * * We have no faith at all that the object of this fresh application is such as it is declared to be, or that it comes of any higher motive than simply to afford jobs to favourites, and increase the expenditures from the federal treasury on the Pacific side, for the sake of the plunder. It is not vessels of war nor fortifications that are needed in California to prevent freebooting exhibitions, but it is faithful and efficient officers of the National Government. If the Administration would infuse a little *gism* into their prosecuting officers at San Francisco, it would be all that is necessary to thwart the purposes of the fillibustering loafers who congregate there from all parts of the world. It is not the *power* to suppress expeditions like Walker's and Watkins's, but the *will* that is wanting. And while this is so, all the steamers afloat would be of no avail to arrest them. It was long notorious in San Francisco that the last expedition to re-enforce Walker was to sail from that city, and that everything had been prepared, stores, arms, ammunition, to furnish the enterprise. It was known that the brig Arrow had been chartered for the expedition, and that a certain man was to command her. And what was done? Why, complaints were entered against the Arrow, but the case was dismissed; Inge, the District Attorney, declaring there was not a "scintilla of evidence" against the vessel or the parties. Then what followed? Why, the fillibusters let the Arrow run in a different direction; her master took a new vessel (the Anita), and in her the freebooters embarked and went off without molestation. Now who believes, if this had been a party to aid slaves to regain their liberty, if perchance slaves had existed in that quarter, that we should have witnessed such remissness on the part of the federal authority, or that the expedition could have begun to get away? Bah! what fudge and nonsense to talk of strengthening the arm of the National Government in California in order to prevent fillibustering. The Administration won't use the means it already has for any such purpose, so long as there is a chance that these expeditions will add slave territory to the Union. Why talk about putting extra guns in their hands, or extra ships at their command, when the one would only be loaded with wet powder, and the other be put in charge of men who would chase nothing but runaway niggers?

PROSPECT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

The latest intelligence from Europe affords little ground for hope that war can be averted. The Czar having again refused to lend an ear to the intervention of the Western Powers, the allied fleets have been ordered into the Black Sea for the protection of the Turkish ships. The French Government has called upon Austria to aid in preserving the peace, and, it is reported, is about to send an army of 70,000 men into the Turkish dominions. The public opinion of Turkey will not permit any compromise with the Czar, but cries out lustily for war. Hostilities will doubtless soon be resumed. The position of England is equivocal. Prince Albert is likely to be brought before Parliament upon a charge of betraying the secrets of the British Cabinet to the monarchs of Russia, Austria, &c.

We fear that the war into which Europe seems about to be plunged is likely to end in the defeat of the anticipations and the hopes of those who are agonising for deliverance from oppression. Nothing, in the long run, is so fatal to Liberty as a baptism of blood.

Lucy Stone gave the Seventh Lecture in the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening last, to a crowded and gratified audience. The space at our command will not permit us to give a report of her lecture the present week. Her appeals in behalf of the slave came warm from her own heart, and therefore touched and quickened the hearts of those who heard her. In spite of the prejudice which forbids a woman to open her mouth in public, we are sure that a deep and lasting impression, favourable to the cause, was produced. The quiet, respectful, and close attention of the audience (interrupted only by frequent applause, and in one instance by hisses at the name of the traitor Mitchel), has wiped out the disgrace inflicted upon the character of New York by the scenes of September last.

Miss Stone being very much exhausted by travel and frequent lecturing, has been compelled to defer an engagement at Ogdensburgh and go home (to West Brookfield, Mass.) to recruit her energies by a period of rest.

— The lecturer for Tuesday evening next is Hon. Horace Greeley. Subject: "Slavery as it is, with the influences now conspiring for its overthrow."

Webster Vindicated!—A company of incorrigible old fogies are reported to have dined at the Astor House on the 18th inst. in honour of the memory of Daniel Webster. It was a private affair, but somebody who was present has told the tale. Among the subjects discussed was the charge brought against Mr. Webster of frequent intoxication from the use of spirituous liquors. It was stated, so the story runs, "that this charge had no other basis than on the fact that after any great mental exertion, as in a speech, Mr. Webster, from nervous exhaustion, would lose the control of his muscles, *especially those of his knees*, rendering it impossible for him to stand without support." We are curious to learn whether the peculiar paralytic affection of the *tongue*, which invariably accompanied the nervous exhaustion of the muscles of Mr. Webster's knees, rendering articulation extremely difficult, originated in the same cause. Will somebody enlighten us?

Rev. W. H. Furness in New York.—Our readers in this city and vicinity will be glad to learn that, by request, the Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, will preach in Rev. E. H. Chapin's Church, in Broadway, on Sunday, Feb. 5th, at 3 1-2 o'clock, P.M. Those who regard the Gospel of Christ as a Gospel of Freedom may expect to be edified and instructed by one who has long been the Abdiel of the Philadelphia pulpit, and whose earnest voice is always sure to be lifted up in testimony against every wrong and outrage of American Slavery.

It is an interesting fact, that Mr. Furness has been invited to preach as above by gentlemen of orthodox views, who were anxious to testify their regard for the paramount claims of Humanity and their respect for one who, though differing from themselves on questions of theology, yet sees in Christianity the Power by which the woes of mankind are to be assuaged and the earth redeemed from the blight of sin.

Mr. Furness will also deliver the Ninth Anti-Slavery Lecture at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7th.

Gone!—We notice with heartfelt regret the death of a noble woman, with whom it was our privilege to become acquainted during our residence in Ohio. We allude to Mercy L. Holmes, wife of Jesse Holmes, formerly of Salem, Columbiana County, but a resident, for some time past, of Logan County. A truer friend of the slave, or one more devoted to the interests of truth and humanity, never breathed. In the very prime of womanhood, and in the full maturity of her powers, she has been summoned to a higher sphere. Her friends can never forget her, or cease to revere her memory.

Disgraceful.—The cutaneous democracy of Ohio vindicated itself on Saturday last in the State Senate by the exclusion from its chamber of Wm. H. Day, editor of the Cleveland *Aliened American*, a coloured man of the highest respectability and a graduate of Oberlin. He was at first unanimously admitted within the bar as a reporter, and afterwards excluded by a vote of 17 to 10. Such is American Democracy!

Ministry at Large in Providence.—Our thanks are due to our friend S. W. Wheeler for a copy of the "Twelfth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in the city of Providence," in which we find many interesting facts, well calculated to move the heart of the Philanthropist and to deepen his impression of the value and the power of Christianity as a source of comfort to the poor and neglected of God's children.

Woman's Rights Convention.—We insert in another column, by request, the call for a Woman's Rights Convention, to be held in Albany, on the 14th and 15th of February.

Our thanks are due to Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. J. R. Giddings, Hon. S. P. Chase, Hon. W. H. Seward, and Hon. Charles Sumner, for speeches and other documents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This volume is compiled for the most part from the letters written by the author to the *National Era* and little that is original, we must attribute the lack of that quality not to any deficiency of genius in the author, but rather to the fact that she traversed a path of observation with which other writers had made us familiar. The book is a readable one, containing, as it does, much interesting chit-chat about many of the celebrities of the Old World, with graphic sketches of scenery and events. Sold in this city by C. L. Francis & Co.

A SPIRITUAL AND WORKING CHURCH. A Sermon, preached before the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn. By Samuel Longfellow, Minister of the Society.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the author for a copy of this discourse, which we have read with a pleasure proportioned to our deep conviction that a Church such as it describes is the great want of the age. Thousands in our land, in whom the religious sentiment exerts a preponderating sway, are turning away almost in despair from the husks of the popular religion, and, for lack of a Church such as their higher nature craves, and whose Christian influence might lead them in paths of righteousness and peace, seem in danger of mistaking for the religion of Him whose life was love that base counterfeit of Christianity which the popular Church offers to their acceptance, and thus of renouncing the good from disgust at that which they know to be evil. From Mr. Longfellow's lips the gospel of Christ comes not as an apology for social wrongs, but as a voice of consolation and hope to the poor and oppressed and of stern rebuke to those who disregard the sacred affinities and rights of human nature. The Church which he describes is not an incarnation of selfishness masquerading under Christian forms, but a fraternity of men, women and children, associated for the purpose of doing good to the whole human family. His discourse is an admirable presentation of the features other journals during her travels abroad. If it contains of such a Church—a Church wherein creeds and ceremonies, however useful as helps, are held in subordination to the faith which works by Love.

The Whig Almanac for 1854 is a valuable compilation for the politician and the man of business. Beside the usual calendar pages, it contains perfect lists of all the important officers of the National Government; a table of railway statistics, description of the Japan Expedition, President Pierce's Inaugural Address, an article on the Crystal Palace, some valuable Agricultural matter, Election returns from every State in the Union, &c., &c. It is a compact manual of 64 pages, price only 12 1-2 cents.

"Household Words."—We invite the attention of our readers—especially of those who are in want of a periodical of rare merit—to the advertisement of this work in another column. Our own estimate of the value of its contents is indicated in copying largely from its pages. The publishers of the American reprint deserve credit for their enterprise, and especially for the beautiful external appearance of the work. The "Christmas Number," just received, is worthy of the reputation of Dickens. It contains "a Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire," as follows: The Schoolboy's Story; the Old Lady's Story; Over the Way's Story; the Angel's Story; the Squire's Story; Uncle George's Story; the Colonel's Story; the Scholar's Story; Nobody's Story. Price of the number only 6 1-4 cents.

Littell's Living Age.—We call attention to the advertisement of this invaluable publication in another column. Our own opinion of the periodical is familiar to our readers and need not now be repeated. The addition of a plate to each weekly number is an attraction that ought to increase the circulation of the work.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXIX.

The Argument.—*The City of Boston with its head on again—The Correspondent bewaileth the Whig Party, and why—Who killed it—Dr. Smith's Election—How it was brought about—The Irish Votes—The Young Men's League—Failure of Political Plans—Day of Feasting and Humiliation—The Correspondent is classical and compassionate—The Dishes at the Feast—Cruelty to Animals—Who is to preside—The Invited Guests—Who are to be there—Movement in Massachusetts Senate—The Bronze Statue—Proposed Contributions of material—From the City of Boston—From the Sims Brigade, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, Jan. 17, 1854.

Boston is no longer a headless trunk. I am happy to inform you that we elected a Mayor last week, so that we can look the Cities round about in the face without blushing. You will be pained to hear, however, that our well-beloved friends, the Whigs, were most consumedly licked, and that in the very citadel of their strength. As the Whig Party is undoubtedly dead everywhere, except in Massachusetts (for I don't reckon the accidental supremacy of the Sewardites in your State as anything), and as Boston is unquestionably the headquarters of Massachusetts Whiggery, and as the great Daniel declared that the only hope of the Union was in the United Whig Party (which only hope he did his best to demolish as soon as it showed that it knew too much to nominate *him*), why, we are compelled to believe that the Union must be in a very queasy and ticklish condition. There is precious little of the Whig Party left anywhere, and that seems as little united as its worst enemies could desire. It was rather hard in the Defender of the Constitution and Union to scuttle the only craft they had a chance to swim in, just because the crew wouldn't make him skipper. But so it was, and the leaky old hulk went wallowing down, only leaving a few of the mariners clinging to a hencoop or a spar here and there, in hopes of being picked up by the three-decker that sunk her. It is certainly one way of Defending the Constitution and the Union! But that was not what I was talking about. Perhaps I may return to the subject before I bring up. The melancholy fact is, that Dr. J. V. C. Smith was elected Mayor, by a majority of some twelve hundred votes over all candidates, and with twice as many votes as the Whig Candidate, though a very respectable and unobjectionable gentleman, Mr. Wilkins, now or late of the bookselling firm of Little, Brown & Co., who had kindly consented to be made the monument of Whig Defeat.

There is another rather funny thing connected with this Municipal Election, which also shows how uncertain are the best laid schemes of men as well as of mice. You will recollect that the New Constitution was defeated exclusively by Irish Catholic votes, most of which were given in this City. Now, it was naturally expected that the element which had done so well for the salvation of the State from that iniquitous Novelty would also work together for good in the matter of maintaining Whig Supremacy in Boston. Mr. Seaver, the late Mayor, had appointed Irish Catholics to posts on the police and night-watch, &c., which it was thought would conciliate those valuable political allies. He had declined to execute the Maine Law, which the same class of citizens hold to be aimed at their dearest rights. But the calculation failed all round. An Association was formed called the Young Men's League (in which Youth had a very liberal margin allowed to it, inasmuch as I saw at one of their meetings a very handsome proportion of what Dogberry might have called "thankful and reverend youths," from three to four score), one of the conditions of membership of which is said to have been (I do not speak of personal knowledge) that not only the applicant, but his father and grandfather, should have been born in this country. Men say that in a very short time several thousand were enrolled on its list, of course from the Whig Party, chiefly. This, joined to all the other elements of opposition to Whig rule, has produced the result which we must all so deeply mourn. What Dr. Smith may be, or even do, remains to be seen? Only it is not very material, in any respect. The great fact which is presented in his person is, the Defeat of the Whig Party, where it had the greatest proportionable number of voters.

To-morrow the Whigs aforesaid will have an excellent opportunity to bewail their fate, for it is appointed as a day, if not of Fasting, at least of Humiliation for them. They are called upon to assist at a Feast compared with which that spread by Tantalus (if I don't misremember) for the gods was a well-ordered and comfortable entertainment; for he merely served up his son as what the French call the *piéce de resistance*, or principal dish, whereas these unhappy guests are expected to eat themselves served up with the sauce of their own words. I really think that it is a case coming fairly within the purview of the Statute against cruelty to animals, this Celebration of the Birth-day of Daniel Webster, I mean, which is to come off to-morrow. Mr. Webster having given the *coup de grace* to his old party, it does seem rather too bad to make them celebrate the Feast Day of their own Defeat and Disgrace. The poor Whigs! Those Webster men who left them and voted for Pierce, by his permission, if not instruction, are a little too hard upon them, in thus cramming him down their throats again, "against the stomach of their sense." Still, however, with the help of a good dinner and plenty of wine, they may succeed in the work of deglutition. But it is an impudent proceeding, it must be owned. To be sure, the invitations are not limited to Whigs, or even to Members of the Webster Association, or whatever it is called; but all the rest of mankind, also, are invited to come in and have wine and meat, though certainly not without money and without price. Some people have thought that this going out into highways and byways in search of the maimed, the halt and the blind, was indicative of no very enthusiastic response to the patriotic proposition. But I know nothing about it. One would like to know what particular virtues of Mr. Webster will be selected as his claim to canonization. It can hardly be his saving of the Union, when the very last act of his dying hand was to knock on the head the only hope of the Union he knew of. But we shall see what we shall see.

If it were not for one thing more than another, I should really like to invest the necessary sum in a ticket. It must be a most entertaining sight—to the lookers-on. Mr. Everett, Mr. Webster's successor in the Presidency of the United States, or, in his absence, Mr. Choate, his Attorney-General, will preside. All the eminent Union-savers have been invited to attend and relate their experiences as to what they have got by it. The Hon. General Foote is confidently expected, on his way from Mississippi to California; General Cass, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Fillmore, General Scott, and all the rest of them (really one should have a system of patent Mneumonics to retain the names of our great men), have been asked and will communicate, in person or by letter, the rewards they have received from the Slaveholders for their services in holding the Union together. President Pierce was not asked, inasmuch as it was thought that he had solid pudding enough, without having earned it as the others had. And, besides, he being an Abolitionist, it would hardly do to invite him to join in such a Solemnity. Then there are to be present all the Members of Mr. Webster's Cabinet, his Foreign Ministers, his Consuls, his Collectors, his Postmasters. His Literary Executors will not be forgotten, you may be sure; but the post of honour will be given to those of his friends to whom were bequeathed his Larger Debts—and who have accepted the Legacy. Altogether it will be a "most lamentable comedy," and one well worth seeing, if it could be done without paying too much for the whistle. If I hear any of the funniments attending the same, I shall not be slow to impart them in my next.

The Whigs in the Legislature seem to incline, or have been invited at least, to signalise their humiliation of spirit in the same direction. A Mr. Aspinwall has moved, in the Senate, that a Monument of some sort be erected to the Memory of Mr. Webster by the State. As this must be done by Whig votes, if at all, it will certainly prove their Christian character, as far as blessing one that despitefully used them is concerned. It is understood that a Bronze Statue is thought the most appropriate form and material for the Tribute. And it is believed, on the same principle that cannon used at famous victories are contributed to help make the memorials that record them—it is believed, I say, that the City of Boston will be applied to for the gift of the chains that secured the Court-house against the machinations of that Arch-traitor Tom Sims, and of the hand-cuffs that at once held him and the Union together, that these hallowed instruments of our Liberties may help to swell the Monument of their chief Defender. And it is hoped that the Sims Brigade, as Benoentito Cellini threw all his pots and pans into the furnace from which his Perseus sprung to life, that the Sims Brigade will hasten to plunge the swords, bayonets and musket-barrels which were consecrated to the same holy cause into the melting-pot from which is to arise the sacred image of the patriot who breathed into their breasts the spirit which enabled them to undergo that memorable campaign which has made their name immortal. But you shall know more about this hereafter.—D. Y.

[The above letter was intended for the *Standard* of last week, but deferred for lack of room.—Ed.]

Dedham, Jan. 24, 1854.

To Oliver Johnson, Esq.—*My Dear Johnson:* I think I may as well imitate Mr. Beecher's example, and make you the stalking-horse from behind which to return a blunt bolt or two of mine for the pointed and feathered shafts he let fly at me, last week. I shall, at least, in this way get rid of the ponderous plurality of the Editorial We, and fall back upon the more direct, if less modest, singularity of the pronoun of the First Person.

There are a few personal matters which had better, perhaps, be first skimmed off the top of my dish of discourse and disposed of at once. As for instance, "whether I am old or young." Mr. Beecher must really excuse me from enabling you to give him a categorical answer to this interrogatory. As there is no knowing what the chances and changes of this sublunary world may bring about, one cannot be too careful about committing oneself as to points of this vital character. I would merely beg leave to refer him to Miss Bremer (from whose decision I am sure he would not wish to appeal), who says that I am "a young man," which I trust will be accepted as final by all whom it may concern.

As to the question whether "I am smart, or not," really, my dear Johnson, I must beg of you to settle that point with him, for me. I quite sink under the modest confusion with which the bare thought of entering upon such a subject overwhelms me. "I shudder at the gross idea!" as the Princess Huncamunca does, in the Tragedy of Tom Thumb the Great, at that of "a Man." But as to the question whether or not I "come of a distinguished family," I am happy to fall back again upon the unimpeachable authority of Miss Bremer, who pronounces me not merely "a young man," but "a young man of a distinguished family!" And I trust that neither Mr. Beecher nor yourself will feel disposed to go behind *that* record.

As to whether I am "a credit to the name I bear," I can safely say that there is as much to be said on both sides, by the few who would think it a matter worth considering, as there was on that of the resemblance between Sir Roger de Coverly and the Saracen's Head. I will only affirm that if my family be a distinguished one, as Miss Bremer affirms, it has been made so by men who were not much more in line with the respectable fogyisms of their times than I am. I have the honour, for instance, to be the son of the man who said, in Congress, on some occasion of Slaveholding insolence, that "New England would maintain her rights, peaceably if she could, forcibly if she must!" (To be sure, he was mistaken; but that was n't his fault.) And his father, again, was described, when in London in 1774-5, by a noble lord in his place, as "a man who, if the Ministers did their duty and the laws of the empire were enforced, would be either in Newgate or at Tyburn." And *his* father, when almost every gentleman of his social position took the Royalist side (his own eldest son among the number), in his old age, threw his influence and his fortunes into the scale of the Revolution. (To be sure, he could not foresee what a flash-in-the-pan it was going to be.) And *his* grandfa[illegible]r was one of the leaders of the Revolution which deposed Andross and one of the provisional committee that carried on the government during the interregnum, and would have been most infallibly hanged if James II. had had the better of William and Mary. So, you will observe, I came honestly by my Disunionism, from my acestors,

> "For Rebellion, d'ye see,
> Was to them a dish of tea,
> And Treason, bread and butter!"

I believe this is about all that I have to say by way of preliminary—and enough too, you will say! And yet there is one mistake of Mr. Beecher's I must correct. He calls me "hard-working, much-abused, ill-rewarded Edmund Quincy." Now, as to the hard work and the much abuse, I will say nothing (*you* know all about that); but I beg to assure Mr. Beecher that he is entirely in error as to my being ill-rewarded. I can assure him that I am extremely well-rewarded. And if he would make a remunerative investment of himself, I unhesitatingly recommend to him the Garrisonian Disunion Stock. It pays uncommonly well. Its dividends are guarantied. Indeed, I don't see what else there is, of a public nature, in this country, that a gentleman can touch without dirtying his fingers. Of course, there is nothing in the way of politics, and Mr. Beecher probably knows better than I how much there is in the way of American Religion. I advise him to consider it in this point of view.

But, after drenching you with this "intolerable deal of sack," it is but fair that I should dole out to you "a ha'pennyworth of bread," to take the taste out of your mouth. Mr. Beecher asks, "is a truth less true for being common-place?" Certainly not. Neither is a fallacy more true for being so. I did not imply any censure on the doctrines of Mr. Beecher's Lecture because they were not *original*, but because they were not *sound*. We Abolitionists strain after new things only as they are true. And it is entirely according as they are true that we merit the high praise Mr. Beecher bestows upon us. Either we are right in our method of dealing with Slavery or we are foul-mouthed slanderers. There is no middle term. And it seems to me that if he is right, we are verily guilty of bringing railing accusations against men as good as we are. The question is as to how well grounded they are. It is a question of fact, and we are to stand excused only as the facts bear us out.

Again, I would remind Mr. Beecher that there is in this matter an Absolute Truth somewhere, a Verity that depends not on men's opinions, but on the Nature of Things and the Ordination of God. And I affirm it is just as much his business to ascertain it and maintain it as it is mine, or Mr. Garrison's. Nor can I at all understand how he can become "a traitor to his principles, a renegade from his profession and an apostate from Christ," by uttering such words as he holds it to be the duty and the glory of the Abolitionists to do—"to utter words immortal, such as Phillips, Garrison and Theodore Parker have spoken a score of times." Were those words true or false? If true, how would it bring all this ruin on Mr. Beecher to utter just such ones? If false, how can he crown them with such immortal praises? I don't believe it would hurt him, in the least. I wish he would try.

Again, the question as to whether the slave suffers "peculiar wrongs," is not one of *opinion* between Mr. Beecher and me, but of *fact*, and is to be established by evidence. The *peculiarity* of the slave's wrong consists, not in his rags, or his hunger, or his ignorance, or his vices; for multitudes of white men and women are as badly off, possibly, as the worst off of the slaves—worse off, certainly, than the best-treated among them in this respect. It consists in the organization of these things into legal institutions, so that he cannot escape from them, or rise above the condition in which he was born. Now, the fact that there are instances, more or less, of men who have risen from the labouring class in this country and in Europe, on the Continent as well as in England, to high posts, civil, military, ecclesiastical, who have been eminent in Literature, in Science, in Art, and taken their places

> "——— in the temple where the Dead
> Are honoured by the Nations;"

these instances, however few, settle the point of the distinction between Poverty and Slavery. However difficult it may have been made for these men to rise above the superincumbing institutions, it was *possible*. Their degradation was not made the corner-stone of those institutions. Whereas, the slave, while a slave, can never rise a hair's breadth above the bestial condition in which he was born. He is held down to it by human laws as inexorably as an ox or an ass by the laws of Nature. I cannot but think that Mr. Beecher will yet come to see that the most degraded peasant or operative is as highly exalted above the most fortunate slave

> "As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole!"

yea, high as Heaven is above Hell.

I have but one word more to add, and that is to disavow any apparent discourtesy in some comparison of mine about certain "yelping" arguments. Mr. Beecher says, "you know that thy servant is not a dog. But E. Q. does not know this yet." Yes, he does, and he never meant any implication to the contrary. I have mislaid that unlucky number, and cannot verify my words. But I think I spoke of the erroneous *opinions* as barking and yelping, and not the utterer. Mr. Beecher must know that a very well-conditioned gentleman may keep a very ill-conditioned pack of hounds. I did not mean him; and if there is anything in the form of any phrase that implies it, I take it back and beg his pardon.

I am, my dear Johnson, ever faithfully yours,

Edmund Quincy.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY IN PATERSON.

Paterson, New Jersey, Jan. 22, 1854.

To the Editors of the Standard:

Pursuant to public notice, a few Abolitionists of this place met in the lecture room of the Congregational Church, on Wednesday evening last (18th instant), for the formation of an Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Wm. Koyer, was elected Chairman, and the undersigned Secretary.

After a full and free interchange of opinions on the uses, designs and probable fortunes of such an institution, it was unanimously agreed to organize "*The Paterson Anti-Slavery Society.*"

The preamble to the New York Anti-Slavery Society and the following declaration of objects were adopted as our platform:

"The object of this Society shall be to aid, as far as possible, the Abolition of American Slavery, the eradication of the spirit of caste, the elevation of the free coloured people, the universal recognition of the rights of the human race."

The remaining articles of a Constitution are to be reported by a Committee of Messrs. John Boyle, Robt. Dalling, and the Secretary, at whose call the Society finally adjourned to meet.

The Secretary was authorized to correspond with Miss Lucy Stone, and William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, Esquires, and others, with a view to secure their services as Lecturers before the Society.

The Association thus organized will, I trust, exercise a beneficial influence upon the community, by the dissemination of correct views on the subject of American Despotism, and the development, education and confirmation of a large amount of latent Anti-Slavery feeling, which I am convinced exists here.

Yours for Human Rights,

Alfred Gibbs Campbell.

SUMMARY.

Rufus Choate.—Rufus Choate has resigned his station as Attorney-General of Massachusetts. It is said that he is engaged in writing a history of Greece, and that he resigned to gain time for this object.

A Day Coming.—There will be an extraordinary eclipse of the sun on the 26th of May next, such an one as none but the oldest inhabitants have witnessed in this vicinity. It will be similar to the great eclipse of 1806, since which there has been none resembling it nearer than in 1831, when eleven-twelfths of the sun was obscured.

It has been decided, by a large majority, that a *compendium* of the great census work of 1850, embracing the most interesting and useful topics to the people generally, shall be prepared, and that one hundred thousand copies shall be distributed by members of Congress, through their respective districts.

Accommodating.—We learn that some one "in authority" addressed a letter to the Missouri witnesses in the "Jerry Rescue Cases," enquiring whether it would be *convenient* for them to attend a session of the United States Court at Albany the latter part of this month. It is presumed the Missourians could not conveniently come, as it is understood the cases will not be called until June next, at Canandaigua.—*Syracuse Standard.*

The San Francisco.—The vessel left New York, Dec. 22, with United States troops, their officers and families, in all over 750 persons. The next day she was disabled in a gale, and became a total wreck, lying in the trough of the sea for a fortnight, at the mercy of the storm that shivered her timbers and washed away at one sweep 150 souls. Some vessels passed were hailed, but could afford no relief. These were the Napoleon, the brig Maria. The barque Kilby took on board over a hundred, and was parted from them at night of the 28th. On the 31st of December, the Antartic, bound for Liverpool, approached and in two days took on board 225 persons; besides aiding the balance, 230 persons, to reach the Three Bells, another ship bound for New York, whose arrival there gave the first news of the sad disaster. Fifty persons died of the Cholera. Total loss, 200 souls.

Baby Show in Georgia.—The following is a list of the premiums to be awarded at the next Fair of the Southern Central Agricultural Association, for the "handsomest and finest" specimens of babies. We give this timely notice that those who may find themselves able to comply with the conditions annexed may get ready for this great show of infantile humanity which is to come off next fall:

First premium—Silver pitcher, $50, for the handsomest and and finest babe two years old.

Second premium—Silver pitcher, $25, for the handsomest finest babe one year old.

Third premium—Silver goblet, $10, for the handsomest and finest babe six months old.

The children to be clothed in domestic fabrics; the premiums to be awarded under the direction of the Executive Committee.

Virginia Barbarism.—The Richmond *Examiner* has a scheme for the removal of the free negroes from Virginia to Liberia or elsewhere, which bids fair to be successful if the injustice and barbarism of the Old Dominion are equal to its enforcement. The writer suggests that the free negroes between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, be taxed five dollars per head per annum, and those above twenty-one, at the rate of ten dollars—of course in addition to any property tax to which they are now subject. He estimates that there are now 55,000 free negroes in Virginia, of whom, 41,250 are of the taxable age above specified. Of these 10,312 he supposes to be under twenty-one years old, and at five dollars per head they would raise a revenue of $51,560. The remaining 40,938 at ten dollars per head, would produce an annual income of $409,380, which sum added to the foregoing, gives an aggregate of $460,940 for the first year. This sum, together with an amount in the State Treasury already appropriated to the object, would remove about 10,000 free negroes somewhere, perhaps to Liberia. Every failure to pay the tax is to be followed by the sale of the negro for a limited time, until he works out the tax, at wages ranging from ten to twenty-five cents per day.

Freeman vs. Ellington.—Many inquiries have been made in regard to the suit of Freeman against Ellington for damages for false imprisonment, &c. The following statement furnished us will inform the reader of the past action and present condition of the case:

"In this case Ellington pleaded two pleas in justification of the arrest and imprisonment, alleging that Freeman was arrested and imprisoned by virtue of a warrant issued by Commissioner Sullivan, upon his, Ellington's, affidavit, in a proceeding under the Fugitive Slave Law, without alleging, in the pleas, that Freeman was his slave, or a fugitive from his service. Upon an issue by demurrer, the Judge of the Marion Circuit Court held, that the jurisdiction of the Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law was special and limited, and that Ellington arrested Freeman at his peril. If he proved Freeman to be a fugitive from his service, it ought to be alleged and the justification would be complete; but if it be turned out that Freeman was not his slave, Ellington was a trespasser, and the proceedings before the Commissioner afforded no justification to him. The demurrer was sustained.

The issues to be tried in the case now are, 1st, Ellington denies the arrest and imprisonment; 2d, alleges that Freeman was at the time of the imprisonment his slave and a fugitive from his service.

The defendant applied for a change of venue, which was granted, and the action now stands for trial at the next term of the Hendricks Circuit Court at Danville.—*Ia. Free Dem.*

JUSTICE TO WOMEN.

Convention at Albany, Tuesday and Wednesday, February 14 and 15.

The Petition, asking for such amendments in the Statutes and Constitution of New York as will secure to the women of the State Legal Equality with the men, and to females equally with the males a Right to Suffrage, will be presented to the Legislature about the middle of February. We, the committee appointed at the convention held at Rochester, in December—by whose authority these petitions were issued—do hereby invite all fellow-citizens, of either sex, who are in favour of these measures, to assemble in convention, at Albany, on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 14 and 15.

The so-called "Woman's Rights Movement" has been so much misrepresented, that it is desirable to make the appeal for justice earnest, imposing and effective, by showing how eminently equitable are its principles—how wise and practical are its measures. Let the serious-minded, generous, hopeful men and women of New York then gather in council, to determine whether there is anything irrational or revolutionary in the proposal that fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, should treat their daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers as their peers. This reform is designed, by its originators, to make woman *womanly* in the highest sense of that term—to exalt, not to degrade—to perfect, not to impair her refining influence in every sphere. The demand made is only to take off burdens, to remove hinderances, to leave women free, as men are free, to follow conscience and judgment in all scenes of duty. On what ground—except the right of *might*—do men, claiming to be Republicans and Christians, deny to women privileges which they would die to gain and keep themselves? What evil—what but good can come from enlarging woman's power of usefulness? How can society be otherwise than a gainer by the increased moral and mental influence of one-half of its members? Let these and similar questions be fairly, candidly, thoroughly discussed in the hearing of the Legislature of New York.

Come, then, fellow-citizens, to this convention prepared to speak, to hear, to act. Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, and other earnest friends of the cause from New England and the West, as well as from our own State, are to be with us. And may the spirit of Truth preside over all.

Those having petitions in their hands, will please send them to Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, until the first of Feb., after which they should be forwarded to Lydia Mott, Albany.

Elizabeth C. Stanton,	W. Henry Channing,
Samuel J. May,	Wm. Hay,
Ernestine L. Rose,	Burroughs Phillips,
Antoinette L. Brown,	Lydia Ann Jenkins,
	Susan B. Anthony.

January 23, 1854.

DONATIONS

Received for Captain Samuel Drayton.

James H. Collins, Chicago, Ill.	$10 00
Charles N. Brown, Sag Harbor, L. I.	1 00
Junior, Philadelphia	20 00

Francis Jackson.

DICKENS'S

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A New Monthly Magazine.

A cheaper, more reliable, more entertaining and instructive periodical has never been published.

A new Volume commences with the November No.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

A FEW SHORT EXTRACTS FROM A THOUSAND LONG NOTICES.

Those of our readers who do not read every number of this admirable serial miss a most instructive, agreeable and judicious work. It is the best sustained enterprise of the kind ever attempted. The most curious information, the most pleasing stories, and the best written papers for the people, appear in each number—from essays on natural history to details of manufacture; from ingenious paraphrases of events to the most delightful criticism on manners and the facts of the day. The scope of the work is charming and suggestive.—*Boston Daily Transcript.*

It needs no commendation; its name and character are enough.—*The Churchman.*

It abounds in articles which will be read with pleasure and profit. They are original, just of the right length to be read by the million, written in an easy, familiar and agreeable style, replete with instructive sentiments, and pervaded by a tone of sound morality. It is suited admirably for the family circle.—*Wash. Union.*

It is a cabinet of amusement and instruction.—*Zion's Herald.*

This work, written by bright and pure minds, is an interesting and safe book, a book for everybody, the most truly so of any periodical of the day.—*Troy Daily Post.*

These 'Words' are like apples of gold in pictures of silver—they are always fitly spoken.—*Ulster Republican.*

Thousands of households have bid it welcome, and its varied, instructive, entertaining and unexceptionable contents have delighted young and old in all parts of the country.—*Rochester Daily Democrat.*

This work is one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is always replete with useful information, wholesome instruction, and agreeable amusement.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser.*

The quality of the articles in the Household Words is too well known to need description. Volumes have been compiled of selections from its numbers. The publishers present it in the best style.—*Utica Gazette*

It is a very rich work, and full of pleasant reading for these long evenings. On our first page we copy a story as a sample of what the work turns out, and shall take frequent occasion to enrich our columns from its pages.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

Of the contents of this work we need only say that all the papers are original, and that Charles Dickens conducts it. It is got up in the neatest possible manner, mechanically, and is a credit to the house that reprints it.—*Rochester Daily Union.*

This journal, conducted by Charles Dickens, is a *Dickens* of a good thing. There is a vast amount of good practical, common sense and human nature contained in the various little stories and narratives which fill its pages. Its American publishers deserve the thanks of the people for presenting them with so valuable and pleasant a miscellany.—*Baltimore Repub. & Argus.*

There is no publication which gives, for the same low price, such an instructive and entertaining variety of reading.—*Chris. Herald, Detroit, Mich.*

We have only to say of this work, as we have often said before, that, in our opinion, it is the most entertaining and instructive journal extant. We never feel that we are in danger of praising it too highly.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

We know of no publication which contains so much valuable and practical information—*Gospel Messenger.*

No one can peruse this work without being wiser and better.—*Albany Argus.*

"Household Words"—words spoken in a thousand English ears, and whispered over again into thousands of American ones—seasonable, well-timed words—funny words—sometimes learned words, but generally only plain, blunt words—friendly words, words of counsel, words of good cheer, but seldom long words—never hard words, and we hope never lost words—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

Two Volumes Yearly, containing over 1200 Pages.

Terms: $3 a Year, payable in advance.

☞Complete sets of "Household Words," from the commencement of the publication, neatly bound in cloth, constantly on hand.

☞Those who leave their names with any of our agents will be promptly served; or, by sending to us, they will receive the work regularly by mail.

McELRATH & BARKER, Publishers,
No. 17 Spruce Street, New York.

Littell's Living Age.—1854.

A Beautiful Engraving in Each Number.

THE LIVING AGE has been abundantly honored by the approbation of the best judges; it has been pronounced to be sound and vigorous; various and entertaining; full of spirit and life; uniting the qualities which gratify the scholar, the philosopher, and the man of business, with those which recommend it to their wives and children. We shall now endeavour to add to these intrinsic excellencies the greater attractions of Art, and, beginning with 1854, every number will contain an Impression from a Beautiful Steel Plate.

The 52 Plates a year will alone be worth the price of subscription.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenæum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval Reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers' admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The Living Age is published every Saturday, by Littell, Son & Company, corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston. Price, 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year, in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

POSTAGE FREE.

We will send the Living Age, postage free, to all subscribers within the United States, who remit in advance, *directly to the office of publication*, the sum of six dollars; thus placing our distant subscribers on the same footing as those nearer to us, and making the whole country our neighbourhood.

d17 2t LITTELL, SON & CO., Boston.

THE NEW HYDROPATHIC COOK BOOK, with Three Hundred Recipes for Cooking on Hygienic Principles, containing also a Philosophical Exposition of the Relations of Food to Health; the Chemical Elements and Proximate Constitution of Alimentary Principles; the Nutritive Properties of all kinds of Aliments; the Relative Value of Vegetable and Animal Substances; the Selection and Preservation of Dietetic Materials, &c. &c. By R. T. Trall, M. D. With One Hundred Illustrative Engravings. 1 vol., 12mo. Price, delivered free, 37 cents. Published by FOWLERS & WELLS, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

Boston, No. 142 Washington street; Philadelphia, No. 31 Arch street.

88

Miscellaneous Department.

DORTHE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HENRIETTA NIELSEN.

A TREMENDOUS panic seized upon our whole neighbourhood when, suddenly, one day, during the war of 1848, the report was spread that the German free-corps had penetrated as far as our northern part of Jutland, had taken Aalborg, Viborg, and other towns, and were advancing in our direction. The church-bells were instantly put in motion, and were immediately answered by those of the adjoining parish. All the young men of our village and the environs sallied forth, armed with scythes and pitchforks, to meet the enemy, who, it was said, were approaching the H—bierg Hills. Even our otherwise calm and quiet parsonage was in a state of tumult and confusion—we women being left entirely to our own devices, for my father was absent on business, and our male farm-servants had joined the other volunteers.

In her perplexity, my mother summoned the maid-servants to a council of war; and all made their appearance, with the exception of Dorthe, the brewery-maid, who had been seen going to the back of the house, with a spade in her hand—"probably," as Marian, the housemaid, expressed it, "with the intention of burying her mammon." The council began by my mother making a proposal, which was opposed by my sister Julia—and two parties were thus immediately formed—my mother, however, being in the majority, as her proposal was adopted by the cook, the housemaid, and the fat old woman who weeds the garden; while Julia was supported only by the little girl who tends the poultry, but who spoke long, and in tones so shrill that it was very evident it was not every day *she* was allowed to speak at all. I stood by in moody silence, feeling that I had no sensible proposal to make, when suddenly all deliberation was put an end to by the appearance of a peasant-girl mounted on a poor jaded mare, which she was urging to its utmost speed, and who, in passing the parsonage, cried out in a voice of terror: "They are coming! they are coming! Run, run for your lives! What else can we poor helpless women do?" But her words, by increasing our alarm, only made us more irresolute and helpless than before; and we were staring at each other in stupid dismay, when Dorthe, rushing in, caught our invalid grandmother in her arms, and calling to us to follow her to the cellar, bore the old woman thither, and deposited her gently on a heap of bed-clothes she had prepared for her.

Dorthe was a stout, square-built peasant-girl, with strong sunburnt arms and hands, and, on ordinary occasions, a composure, almost amounting to the phlegmatic, was spread over her whole being. This, together with an uncommon degree of reserve, had rendered her so uninteresting in our eyes that we had given much less attention to her than we usually bestowed on our servants; and thus, although she had already been six months in our service, she was still quite a stranger to us. But, as is ever the case in decisive moments, the master-mind had taken the lead; and in a few minutes we were all busily employed in carrying out the orders of our hitherto so little esteemed brewery-maid, whose energy and decision seemed to inspire us all with new life.

She explained to us, in a few words, that she had walled up the cellar windows—this is what she had used the spade for—and advised us to transfer ourselves, and as many of our valuables as possible, to this place of safety, the entrance to which was in a remote part of the house, and might easily be concealed by a large chest or some such thing. This Dorthe proposed to place before it when we were all in safety. "And you, Dorthe," I asked in amazement, "will you remain here quiet alone to receive those notorious vagabonds?"

"I am not alone while I have this," she answered in a somewhat sad but earnest tone, taking up a gun which was placed against the wall, and which, the other servants afterwards told us, had belonged to her father, who had been a gamekeeper, and which she looked upon as her greatest treasure.

"Can you fire it, Dorthe?" I again exclaimed in surprise.

"No," she replied, and her countenance now assumed a lively roguish expression; "but I can take aim: and my father often told me that, in time of war, the empty barrel of a gun might, in an emergency, produce as much effect as a whole volley of musket-balls; and so I have thought that, if I am forced to it, I will give them a little fright."

We had been locked up in the cellar a quarter of an hour—the longest quarter of an hour I ever experienced—listening with anxiety to catch some sounds that should announce to us the approach of the dreaded enemy, when at length the clatter of wooden shoes and the sound of noisy voices reached our ears. Our hearts sank. A few moments more spent in a state of dreadful suspense, and the key of the cellar-door was heard to turn in the lock. "Heavens! have they already discovered our hiding-place?" The door opened—it was Dorthe, who came to deliver us, mute and with downcast eyes, as if heartily ashamed of all the energy and activity she had displayed to no purpose. The voices and footsteps we had heard were those of our own people returning from their wild-goose chase after the enemy, the rumour of their presence in our part of the country having been a pure fabrication.

It cannot be denied that we all felt rather foolish; and, what was worse, the milk which was on the fire had boiled over, the bacon that was frying had been burnt, the fire had gone out, and all prospect of a warm dinner for the men was lost. However, we gave them some cold salt meat, and a glass of brandy each, with the promise of a warm supper, and this restored their good-humour. They were, however, all in a state of too great excitement to take their usual mid-day nap, but dispersed in groups about the yard.

My sister Julia and myself drew near to our upper farm-servant Niels, a fine manly fellow, who had taken up his station at the chopping-block, and who had previously given notice of his intention to join the army as a volunteer. After talking to him a little while about the prospects of the war, we expressed to him our admiration of the courage and presence of mind evinced by the brewery maid, whom he had recommended to us. Niels was not surprised as we had been. "Did I not answer for Dorthe being a thoroughly trustworthy girl when I recommended her to Misses?" said he.

"You must have known her before, then," I rejoined. "Tell us something about her."

"There is not much to be said about her, poor thing," answered Niels; "she has never known what it is to be happy. Her mother she lost early, and, to tell the truth, her father was not good for much. To be sure, as a gamekeeper he was clever enough, and might have been well to do in this world; but, instead of that, he spent all his earnings in the public-house. In his way, he was very fond of the girl, and used to call her the apple of his eye; but it was a queer way he had of showing his love for her. From the time she was a little creature, he would never leave her out of his sight, but would have her follow him about when he went a-hunting, in rain and cold, in storm and sunshine. Then, when they came to the public-house in the evening, and people said: 'The Lord preserve us, Hans Gamekeeper, how you do treat that child!' yes, then he would busy himself to get her warmed and dried, and was willing to give the publican's wife all the game he had killed that day, if she would but lend him some clothes for the little one. But by and by, after the bottle had gone its rounds, and he had got her to sing for them—for Dorthe always had a sweet voice—then he would be as rollicky as ever, and call her his little singing-bird, his Gatalani: for you must know the gamekeeper was very fond of talking French when he was in liquor. He had served in the wars under the Emperor Napoleon, and he never could forget that."

"That was, indeed, a very bad way to bring up a child," said I.

"Yes, wasn't it? And when any one told him as how he was keeping Dorthe from her school-learning, he would answer that he did no such thing, for he taught her himself. Then he would send the parson a brace of hares, and so that matter was settled. But it must have been a queer sort of teaching that; for when Dorthe was so old that she was to go to the parson,* she could not spell even the first commandment, and was turned out. This put the gamekeeper in a towering rage. He went right straight to the parsonage, all spattered over with mud as he came from hunting, and people say that he gave the parson a sound rating, and told him that Dorthe knew her Christendom as well as he did, though she could not read a book through word for word, title-page and all. But that was just what the parson would have her know how to do. He wasn't overfond of questionings and explanations, but what stood in the books they must not know by halves if he was to 'lay hands on them.' He was very strict in that matter, particularly—perhaps I ought not to say so, but so the story went—particularly with poor folk's children."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but the keeper was as testy as the parson when he had taken anything into his head, and he did not rest until he got permission to send the girl to another parson. This one was a young man, who had lately come into the living, and he took matters in a different way from the other. He was so pleased with Dorthe's Christendom that he placed her above* all the farmers' daughters; and this had nearly set him at loggerheads with the whole parish; but when the day of confirmation came, and Dorthe read so that it rang through the church, and answered† the parson in words that made them all stare with wonder, while the others, as soon as they had done with the book, stuttered and stammered, and knew neither beginning nor end, then they couldn't help seeing that the parson had done right."

"That must have been a happy day for Dorthe."

"Yes; it was her first really happy day, and also her last. At that time, she was well thought of by everybody, and might have got service in ever so many places; but that was not to be, and she had hard times before her, poor silly thing! Her father had grown infirm, and could not go about as he used to do, so he could no longer keep his situation as gamekeeper, but was obliged to hang his rifle on the wall. A few years then passed without my ever seeing the gamekeeper or his daughter, for I was far away in another neighbourhood; but, as I afterwards heard, Dorthe went through much hardship and misery during that time, as you may easily conceive, for there was no land to their house, and with the work of her hands she had to provide food and clothing for them both. It is true she might have been better off had she listened to them that advised her to let her father go upon the parish, and then get into service herself. But to this she answered, that as long as she had a pair of hands to work with, her father should not be a burden to the parish, were they to offer her ten days of plenty for one; nay, were they even to offer to clothe her in silk and gold, she would not forsake him in his old days. And so true was she to her word, say the folks thereabouts, that until the day of his death the keeper lived like a squire, while poor Dorthe put herself on short allowance, and suffered actual want.

It is now about six or seven years ago, the winter before I came here to the parsonage, when I was serving the doctor up yonder, I was awaked one night by the tremendous barking of the dogs. Thinking that it was most likely a carriage come to fetch the doctor, I comforted myself with the thought I and the horses—for I was coachman then—would be allowed to remain quietly in our beds. I listened and listened; no, there was no carriage, but the dogs continued to bark, and I could both see and hear that a dreadful storm was raging. Presently, I heard a gentle noise at my window, like some one fumbling and tapping against the panes, and sound of a wailing voice, but words I could not distinguish."

"You were out of bed and at the window in the twinkling of an eye, Niels, I am sure," said I eagerly.

"O yes, as soon as I could get on my wooden shoes," answered Niels, with true Jutland deliberation; "for the mud-floor was very damp. The tapping had just begun again when I got to the window. But, Heaven preserve us, what dreadful weather it was! Snow and sleet beat into my face, and the little lattice said 'no' twice before I could get it open. Yes, and outside stood a woman! It was no other than the gamekeeper's Dorthe. The poor girl had trudged six miles,‡ through bogs and over ditches, in such weather that you would not have driven out a dog, to fetch the doctor to her father, who was dying: but the doctor had refused to go"——

"Had refused to go to a dying man?"

"Why, you see, miss, the old gentleman was very loath to go out in the night when he could help it, and I will say nothing of that, but he had answered her harshly and jeeringly as well, that as her father had now been ill four years, and had never sent for the doctor, it was no use doing so now that death had probably got a tight gripe of him. Now, this was in a manner true enough; but the poor young woman had come so long and wearisome a way to fetch him, and had placed her whole trust in him, he might therefore, at least, have given her some mixture for the sick man; it would have comforted her, and most likely have done him some little good too. Well, Dorthe had known me ever since she was a child, and knew that I was in service at the doctor's, and that I stood well with my master and mistress; so she had now come to me, to ask me to try if I could not persuade the doctor to go and see her father. But this was not to be thought of. I had by me a bottle of medicine, however, with which I had helped others in very difficult cases; it tasted like venom and gall, but that's just what is to help, so I gave Dorthe the bottle to take home to her father. It is true, I thought as the doctor did, that most likely there was no cure for his complaint, but that medicine had never done harm to any one. And now the poor girl was to go back again; it was almost a matter of life and death in such weather, dripping wet and shaking with cold as she was. Seeing this, I did a thing I never shall regret, even should the doctor get to know it, and abuse me well for it: I loosened Stoffer—he was the near horse; in reality, his name was Christophanes, but we servants called him Stoffer, and he seemed to like it best—I loosened Stoffer, I say, and drew him out of the stable; to tell the truth, it did not seem much to his taste, for he grew quite restive when he got his nose outside the stable-door, and felt what kind of weather it was; but he might as well have spared his trouble. I threw a cloth over him, placed Dorthe, who had put on a pair of dry stockings of mine, and was wrapped up in my thickest grey coat, on his back, myself in front of her, and off we started. Stoffer had his freak and fancies, but when you gave him time to come round, and coaxed him a litte, he was as good natured a beast as ever was. It was as if he understood whither we are going, and was in as great a hurry as any of us; otherwise, I cannot think how it was we reached the keeper's cottage in so short a time, in such a dark and stormy night too. It was quite awful how Dorthe loved that poor ne'er-do-well of a father of hers. She never spoke a word the whole of the way; but now and then she laid her head on my shoulder, and then I could perceive that she was crying, but quite softly. When we got to our journey's end, I had not even time to stop the horse before she was down and in the cottage; but just as I was going to bring Stoffer under shelter, for he stood much in need of it, she came rushing out again, laid hold of the halter, and said: "God forgive you, Niels, if you were going away without even giving me time to say, thank you! Do you not so much as care to know if he is still alive? Is there no one in the wide, wide world who cares for him but me?" And then she clasped her hands together, and began to cry so bitterly, that it cut me to the heart's core. I told her, as was the truth, that I had never meant to go away without looking in upon her father. Then she wiped her eyes, and said: "God bless you, Niels! Never shall I forget how you have helped me and comforted me this night." We then went in; and I can assure you, miss, that Dorthe was as cleanly and as tidy as needs be, even before she went to her aunt's, who wants to have the merit of having taught her everything—for no nobleman, I am sure, sleeps in a whiter and cleaner bed than the one the old gamekeeper died in."

"He died, then?"

"Yes. I saw at once that he had not much time left, although he knew Dorthe directly we came in, and he turned his face round to us. I went up to the bed and spoke to him, but he did not answer me, and continued to look at his daughter. Wherever she moved, his eyes followed her so strangely. Quite right in his head he was not, for he soon began to talk wildly, mentioning names, and speaking to people, who had been dead ever so long, just as it they were standing before him. Dorthe, he would have it, had wings. Sorry wings they were! It was the corners of the handkerchief she had tied round her head, and which were white with snow. Then, again, he would fancy he was in France, in the midst of all the goings on he had seen there, and would put his hand to his head, as if he was going to wave his hat to the Emperor Napoleon, and all the rest of it. In short it was death that had hold of him, and, indeed, he said that it had been watching him all the time Dorthe was away. The poor girl turned as white as a sheet when she heard him talk so wildly; but nevertheless she went to the cupboard, and poured me out a glass of brandy—and very good brandy it was—that kept me warm until I got home. When she had done this, she said: "Neils, will you now help me to give him the mixture?" But she could hardly get out the words for sobbing. "To be sure I will help you," said I: and so said so done. The medicine went down easily enough, and I dare say it was that kept life in him until towards mid-day—then it was all over."

"How did Dorthe take it?"

"Why, you see, miss, she is one of those kind of people who keep everything to themselves. She did not whimper or take on like other women-folk; but, nevertheless, she must have sorrowed sorely; for when the blacksmith's wife said to her one day, when she wanted to comfort her, that she need not take her father's death so much to heart, for he had not been so overkind to her; and that he drank like a sponge, while she hardly got food enough to keep life in her; and that when she was a child, he had let her go about barefooted, when there was snow on the ground and ice on the water—they say Dorthe was so wroth, that she struck the table with her fist, and told the blacksmith's wife, that if she had not got food, it was because she did not ask for any; and that though she might have gone barefooted, she never remembered having been cold. After that, no one ever attempted to comfort Dorthe in that way."

"And what became of poor Dorthe afterwards?"

"Poor Dorthe! you may well say so, miss. She went to live with a she-devil of an aunt, who treated her like a dog. This aunt had two high and mighty daughters, who were to be brought up like fine ladies, and to marry farmers, and Dorthe was to be their drudge. Poor silly thing! she learned soon enough the truth of the saying, that there is no task-master so hard as a kinsman."

"But why did she not rather take service among strangers?"

"Why, you see, that was not so easy a matter. At that time, Dorthe could neither do fine work nor coarse, as they say. The gamekeeper had never had any land, so field-labour she had not learned; and all the bread and beer they used they bought at the public-house with the few pennies she earned by twisting straw-ropes, so baking and brewing she did not learn either. But the aunt was a thrifty housewife, and Dorthe was taught well in her house; although she also paid well for the teaching, for she fagged for them all, and had to bear hard treatment into the bargain. And as is always the case when our nearest treat us badly, others follow their example, so it was in Dorthe's case also. For instance, if they took her once in a way to a merry-making at some neighbour's, she used always to be pushed away into some corner, and no one danced with her, while the aunt and her two fine ladies were never off the floor. To be sure, she was not one of those who put themselves forward, and those that don't havn't much chance."

"Perhaps Dorthe could not dance."

"Is there any of us who can't dance when we hear the fiddle?" answered Niels; "though I will confess Dorthe was none of the lightest."

"So you danced with her in spite of her deficiencies? That was kind of you, Niels."

"I used to say to myself, when I saw her set aside in that way, says I: 'It is hard for a poor young thing to stand by like that and see the others dance, when she would gladly be among them;' and then I went and took her out. And when once Dorthe was set agoing, there wasn't her like for holding out."

"That was because she was dancing with you, Niels, I dare say," I observed jokingly; but I was rather disconcerted when he answered with a look of astonishment, and in a tone of contemptuous pity: "Oh, there wasn't many that asked her, so she might well be pleased to dance with those that did, poor silly thing!"

The tone in which he said this made a disagreeable impression on me, and for the first time I felt hurt on Dorthe's account at the expression, "poor silly thing," particularly as I now remembered that it was generally thought that Niels was rather sweet upon Marian the housemaid, who in spite of her pretty face, was in reality a poor silly thing. I therefore said: "Niels, I do not like to hear you call Dorthe thus: after all that you have been telling me about her, she must be an excellent girl, who will at last get on."

"Yes," answered Niels, and his countenance resumed its usual good-natured expression—"yes, I daresay, but not in this world; for Dorthe is one of those who are kind to everybody but themselves—and for such folks there is no cure. They never will get on well in this world. People always think that they have not much headpiece; and, as the old parson used to say, after all, it is the headpiece that gets people on in the world, and makes them respected. And therefore it was that poor Dor—— May I not call her poor Dorthe, either?"

"O yes; call her what you like," I answered.

"Well, well, it has once for all become the custom in the parish to call her poor silly thing. Well, six bitter years she stayed with her aunt, where she got no wages, and very little clothing. And why did she stay, do you think? Why, because she had attached herself to an old blind pensioner who was living with them, and who, it was said, they treated anything but kindly."

Here Niels made so very long a pause, that I perceived he had nothing more to say. Everything he had told me in his simple manner about Dorthe placed her in so advantageous a light, that I was quite ashamed of the indifference, nay, almost prejudice, which we had hitherto felt toward her; and I now asked him reproachfully, how it happened that he had never before told us anything about Dorthe, when he knew so much good of her.

Niels paused in his work, looked down for some time, as if in deep thought, and at length answered: "If the truth must be told, I seem never to have thought of it until now that I came to tell her story." He then looked slowly round, as if everything appeared new to him, and added: "It does seem to me now"——. Further he did not proceed, for his eye had found a resting-point in Dorthe, who went by on her way to the well. Marian, the flirt, now also tripped by, singing and casting side-glances at Niels, who did not, however, notice her. Not until Dorthe had gone in again, did he conclude his sentence; added to the above, "that Dorthe is an uncommonly respectable young woman." Marian sang louder and louder, but Niels continued to gaze at the spot where Dorthe had disappeared; I believe a resolution had taken place in his mind.

We were now interrupted by my father's return. He had not placed so much confidence in the rumour of the approach of the enemy as we, and having soon found out that it was quite unfounded, he had not felt himself called upon to return home before his business was concluded. No sooner had he entered the house than all tongues were busy relating to him the history of our fright, and of the precautions we had taken in expectation of the arrival of the German free-corps. All the maids, except Dorthe, gave themselves some errand into the room, to tell what deed of prowess they had performed, or had invented to perform. When my father, then, commended each and all for the zeal they had shown, my mother observed that the brewery-maid was not present; and put forward the claim of the absent girl to the greatest meed of praise. The other maids could not deny this, but they left the room rather crestfallen. They were not used to see Dorthe taken notice of. But when Julia and I now began to repeat the many traits of her character that Niels had told us, my mother and father were both quite moved, and we all felt a sincere desire to do something for the neglected but excellent girl.

My mother proposed that Dorthe should be called in at once, and that my father should thank her, in presence of the other servants, for the devotion and presence of mind she had evinced; and she would add to her thanks a little useful present, which, though it could not be worn on the breast, like the star of an order, might nevertheless be looked upon as a mark of honour. The proposal was approved, and by my own request I was deputed to fetch her in. I found her in the scullery, singing, as was her wont. Probably I delivered my message in a somewhat solemn tone, which she did not understand, for she looked inquiringly at me with her pretty eyes (nor until this day had I discovered that they were really uncommonly pretty), and said, after reflecting a little while: "I can guess what master wants me for."

"What do you think?"

"He is going to chide me," she said, while exchanging her wet apron for a dry one, and then mentioned some trivial negligence of which she was conscious of having been guilty.

"By no means," I answered. How can you think he would chide you, after your resolute and devoted conduct of this morning?"

She now looked puzzled, as if quite unable to conceive why her presence was wanted in the drawing-room, and her astonishment increased when she came in and found all the other servants there, and father, taking her hand, said in his hearty way: "I have sent for you, Dorthe, to thank you kindly for the devotion and calm good sense and presence of mind you evinced this morning, when danger was thought to threaten my house. That it was but an idle rumour, in no way diminishes your merit." It was touching to see the surprise and embarrassment which were depicted in Dorthe's countenance on hearing these words. It was as if to be praised was something so new to her that she hardly ventured to believe her own ears, and knew not how to take it. But when father went on to say: "Besides, Niels has told us many things about your earlier days which do unto you much credit, and which may serve as a good example for others to imitate, and will now and ever call down upon you the blessings of God and man."—Dorthe turned towards the side where Niels was standing, and burst into tears. "You were always kind to me, poor lonely one that I am! may God reward you, Niels!" she at length sobbed out.

"I havn't said anything but the truth," answered Niels, in a somewhat gruff tone; but it was only because he was ashamed that others should see that the tears had gathered in his eyes.

"I don't know what you may have told about me, Niels, but you have always been a friend to me, and, therefore"—she made a violent effort to suppress her sobs—"therefore you might accept of the only thing I have to offer you—the gun."

"No, no," replied Niels quickly, as if he were putting away a temptation. "You promised your poor father never to part with it, and therefore we will not mention the matter again."

These words were uttered in so decisive a tone, that it was evident they were meant to bring to a close a contest of some duration. But we could see by Dorthe's manner that she had not yet given up her point, and that something was working in her, perhaps a decisive word, which she had kept back till the last, for she changed colour several times before she replied, in a subdued voice: "For the matter of that, you may as well take the gun, for I mean in a manner to follow it. My father's gun shall not hang idly on the wall in such times as these, and his daughter will not either spare herself." We all looked with surprise at Dorthe, whose lips quivered as she turned towards my mother and continued; "Yes, ma'am I ought to have told you so long ago: I cannot remain here. My mind is made up; I must go where I can be of more use. My father used to tell me, that there are women who follow the armies, and of how much good they can do when they behave as they ought."

We now understood the excellent Dorthe's meaning. I thought of the strength, activity and presence of mind she had given proofs of in the hour of supposed danger, and I also remembered what Niels had told me of her humanity, and I felt at once with her, that her vocation was to follow the army; and that the rest of those present were of the same opinion, was evident from the loud expressions of approbation that followed the first feeling of surprise to which her announcement had given rise.

My father alone seemed to entertain some doubt as to whether Dorthe's resolutions were not inspired as much by love for Niels as by love for her country; but a few minutes' further conversation with her convinced him as well as the rest of us of the singular simplicity and uprightness of her mind and character; and taking her hand again, he commended her for her patriotism, begging her at the same time to forgive him and all those who had hitherto failed to appreciate her as she deserved.

This seemed to make a great impression on Niels in particular; but Dorthe answered simply, yet with a certain degree of emotion, "That she had been quite happy here, and had only thanks to give."

We then all shook hands with her, expressing our best wishes for her success in her enterprise, and the servants left the room. Niels and Dorthe were the last, and we observed that he stood back and let her pass before me.

A few days later, Niels requested a private interview with my father, and at the same time Dorthe was closeted with my mother in the store-room. When my mother came out, she said to Julia and myself: "Rejoice, girls! we are to have a wedding at the parsonage! Father is to perform the marriage ceremony for our two volunteers"—and my darling mother's countenance was as radiant as if it was I that was to be married to a lord. Indeed, we all sincerely rejoiced in the happy prospects of the lowly being who had taught us, that however humble be our lot in life, it will never be insignificant, if we will but make the best use of the faculties with which nature has endowed us.

* To be prepared for confirmation.

* It is usual in Denmark to place the young persons to be confirmed according to their rank, as well when attending the religious classes at the clergyman's house as in the church on the day of confirmation.

† Confirmation is preceded by public examination in the church.

‡ One Danish mile is something more than four English ones.

JOHN MITCHEL AND SLAVERY.

WHAT place in the world has been unvexed with the story of the wrongs of Ireland? Who did not feel his heart burn as he read the terrible philippics of Irishmen against English oppression? Who did not rejoice in the noble bearing of Irishmen on trial and in prison for defending their fatherland? Who, when they became felons under English law, and were exported to penal colonies, did not send his heart with them? For we thought them faithful Witnesses for a *Principle*. They were Confessors for Liberty, and their living martyrdom was for the health of the whole world. It did the soul good to know that there were yet men, like Mazzini and Kossuth, who could suffer the loss of all things for the sake of liberty; that there were yet noble Irishmen willing to bear any obloquy or penal suffering, rather than endure voluntary servitude!

Since the world began, there has been something in the simple love of liberty so sacred and enobling that, more than any one trait, it has called down upon him who suffered for it the world's unmeasured praise.

When it was announced that Meagher had escaped from the convict-isle, the continent rang with congratulation; and only his modesty prevented the outburst of a reception even more wildly enthusiastic, if it were possible, than that which greeted that greatest man of this age—Kossuth.

But lately that joy was re-kindled at the tidings that *Mitchel*, the great Irish patriot, the unrelenting foe of oppression, the martyr of liberty, whose personal freedom had been offered up on the altar of the world's liberty, had escaped from thrall—had crossed to our shores. After rejoicings, festivities, and public demonstrations, Mr. Mitchel entered upon the noble vocation of an editor. The *Citizen* was established. The press could scarcely supply the enormous demands for a paper conducted by such a hero of liberty.

This *Citizen* has, however, become like John's apocalyptic book, that, being eaten, was sweet in the mouth, but exceedingly bitter in the belly. In the very second number, Mr. Mitchel, in replying to an exhortation from a Mr. Haughton, after not a little fierce retort, thus defines his position in regard to the only question of liberty which exists prominently before this nation:

"Now let us try to satisfy our pertinacious friend, if possible, by a little plain English. We are not Abolitionists; no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work, by flogging or other needful coercion. 'By your silence,' says Mr. Haughton, 'you will become a participator in their wrongs.' But, we will not be silent, when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participator in the wrongs, we, for our part, wish he had a good plantation well-stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama. There now—is Mr. Haughton content?"

This is not only "plain English," but as loathsome as it is "plain." Such sentiments are shameful, come from whom they may, but shameful beyond expression in a man who has but just been redeemed from bondage.

But why should Mr. Mitchel tarry longer in New York? There is a great want of slave-drivers in Alabama; and diligence in that vocation would be a sure stepping stone to the consummation of all his visions of liberty—"a good plantation well stocked with healty negroes in Alabama!"

It is plain, from the opinion now expressed by Mr. Mitchel, that he wages his warfare with England without any real principle of liberty at the bottom. He did not believe that there was any moral question of right or wrong involved. For he does not think that there is any wrong in oppression.

Mr. Mitchel does not regard it as wrong to take from men every civil right, every social right, every religious right. He does not think it wrong to place all the most sacred relationships of life, those of parents, husbands, wives, and children, brothers and sisters, in the irresponsible hands of absolute masters, to be regarded or neglected just as their commercial interests require. Mr. Mitchel does not regard it wrong to put every affection of the heart, and every conceivable human attribute, upon the scale of commerce, and leave them without any other defence than that which lies in selfishness. Nay, Mr. Mitchel thinks it perfectly right to convert a man into a beast of burden, and to compel him to his hateful daily tasks by whip and goad, just as we do other animals. Here are his words:

"*We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work, by flogging or other needful coercion.*"

After this, on what ground can a man stand? Oppression is so far from being wrong, that he ardently wishes to own a gang of his fellow-men, and would willingly drive them up to their unrequited labour by flogging!

Of course, with such sentiments, there *could* be no PRINCIPLE in his struggle with England. It was not a question whether England had a *right* to oppress Ireland; according to his own showing, she had the right to do it *if she could*. The Irish rebellion, therefore, *in so far as Mr. Mitchel was concerned*, was a groundless insurrection of subjects against their rightful masters. And John Mitchel falls from the category of men persecuted for asserting the great doctrine of human rights, in the position of a pitiful caitiff, who made an abortive attempt to get rid of work, and was sent to a convict-island for his insubordination.

Was there ever before such a waste of sympathy upon a pretender? The men that shouted in the train of an apostle of liberty, as they thought, will slink from an unmasked advocate of the worst tyranny with horror and disgust. It is the modern version of the fairy fable so often told and in so many ways. It was a sweet and lovely virgin that they beheld coming to them, but once clasped the enchantment broke, and a shrunk and hideous hag grinned and chattered in their bosom!

We wish it to be understood distinctly that our remarks have nothing to do with Mr. Mitchel as a private man, and in his personal character. For aught that we know, he may be the most estimable of men. It is as a public man, as a teacher, and simply in relation to his published sentiments, that we have concern with him.

This disclosure of the interior sentiments of a false apostle of liberty will scarcely be less disgusting in the South than in the North.

For, though the South holds slaves, it on that very account knows the miserable policy of such a system. Political heats and party attritions may drive public men, and some others, into extreme positions in relation to Slavery. But we are sure that among the calm and sober citizens of the South there is a deep and daily stronger sentiment against the institution of Slavery. The only question with them is how to get rid of it. If once they were safely freed from the curse, we believe that there would be universal joy in the South. When northern renegades, therefore, eagerly desire to enter upon all the trials and miseries of such a system, nowhere is their folly more strongly appreciated than in the South; and there is but one opinion there as to the character of apostate Yankees as slave-masters. They are the most unsympathizing, the hardest, the most exacting, and cruel of all slave-owners.

When reflective and humane Southerners, who have long desired to cast off the habiliments of Slavery, find themselves followed by obsequious northerners, begging for their cast-off clothing, they can feel but one emotion, that of utter loathing and detestation. A renegade Yankee leaves little to the imagination of him who would draw the portrait of infinitesimal meanness.

When Mr. Mitchel, therefore, sends greetings to the South, after the fashion of the extract with which we have polluted a little spot in our paper, he may be praised by a few men who have a purpose, and are willing to use unprincipled men; but among the sober, the considerate, the honourable men of the South, such a sudden and gross revolution will be received with disgust. If there must be a defence of Slavery, men will feel—and nowhere more than at the South—that *he* should not volunteer who has himself tasted the cup of its bitterness, and whose frantic outcries under oppression are yet ringing in the ear!

If this was the thistle that was growing in Ireland, and preparing to shake forth its seed for a universal crop, then England has put the world in debt to her for cutting it up by the *root*: and a Divine Providence has saved the Emerald Isle from one who only needed power and opportunity to be a domestic tyrant.

Here comes to thee, O Alabama! a weary pilgrim, whose life has been spent in warfare with oppression! Those scars, they are the memorials of liberty; that pale cheek, it is wasted in the weary strife for human rights; that sunken eye, it pined away in long confinement borne for liberty's sake. And now his consecrated life he bears to thy soil, O thrice fortunate Alabama! and that breath that has blown the trumpet against kings and tyrannies, is heard in soft whispers along thy streams, asking for a fat plantation! That resounding voice that awoke the sympathy of the world for freedom, now sends terror through the cotton-field; or vociferates triumphant bids for the comely girls and healthy boys of divided families, among squabbling Legrees, around the auction-block. A poor chance to be heard hath any other bidder whose voice hath not been rounded out and made sonorous in the service of Liberty!

Let England rest. Tumultuous John Mitchel will vex her no more about the foolish abstraction of Liberty.

But we will not believe such a slander of Ireland. We will rather believe that long imprisonment has soured a noble nature, and that sweet feelings are turned to the gall of misanthropy. We know that such a gallant nature as Meagher's would repudiate such sentiments. We do not believe that Dillon and O'Gorman, O'Brien, and hosts of memorable others, are so sordid and so selfish in their conception of human rights and liberty as to unite for their motto, MY *liberty everything*; MAN'S *liberty nothing*.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

THE SECRETS OF THE THUNDERER.

IN Max Schlesinger's "Saunterings about London," the *Home Journal* finds some highly interesting information respecting the management of the *Times*, from which it copies a few paragraphs:

"The care and the responsibility of conducting the business of the *Times* has devolved on a manager, Mr. M. M. This gentleman is neither what we in Germany call a *redacteur*, nor is he what we would call an expeditor or accountant. He is just all in all, being the sovereign lord and master within the precincts of Printing-house Square.

"A heap of papers lies on his desk. At his side sits the editor *du jour*. What his functions are, will be seen in the following lines:

"The editorial functions of the *Times* are in the hands of several individuals, exactly as in the case of the great German journals. But, in Germany each editor has his own separate department—for instance, home politics and foreign politics, or the literary and critical departments. They come to an understanding on the most important points, and then act altogether independently of one another. Besides, they meet frequently, and have plenty of opportunities to exchange their views and defend their opinions. Hence they very often quarrel, and their quarrels lead to frequent editorial crises. Far different is the case with the *Times*, where, besides the managers, there are two editors—Mr. John D—— and Mr. George D——, with a third gentleman as sub-editor. The two editors take the service by turns, but they do not confine themselves to separate departments. Each of them has, at the time he conducts the paper, to see that it has that tone which has been decided upon in council. However, we will not anticipate. Having here hinted at the many merits of the editorial department, we continue to act as invisible spectators in the *Times* office.

"We mentioned before, that a large heap of papers was lying on the desk of Mr. M. M., and that the editor *du jour* was sitting by his side. What are are these two gentlemen doing? They read the most important journals of the day, take note of their leading features, they talk over the topics of their leading articles for the next day's paper; but this is not enough. The material for the leaders having been selected, they are discussed in detail; notes are taken of some of the more leading features of the subject, and, if need be, the tendency is marked out. In many cases there is no need of this, but on some occasions the last measure is indispensable.

"The consultation is over. A few short notes have been taken of its results, and a sort of programme been made for every leader. Documents, letters from correspondents, and other papers are added to each programme, which is put into an envelope, and sent by messenger to a certain article writer, who, in a few hours afterwards, sends in his article ready written. These leading article writers of the *Times* are altogether in an exceptional position. At the German newspapers, the leader-writing is generally done by the editor; now at the *Times*, the principle is generally acted upon, that the editor should rather edit the paper, than write it. The arrangement is thoroughly reasonable in theory, as well as in practice. Every one is naturally partial to his own productions. Who would quarrel with an editor if he prefers his own article to other essays, when he has the selection among various papers on the same subject? To save the editors from this temptation, and to give them full leisure to edit attentively and impartially, they have been mostly relieved from writing. There are, however, exceptions to this salutary rule; and we understand that the witty and humoristic leaders on local affairs, which vie with the best of the French *feuilletons*, are from the pen of Mr. M. M.

"The leading article writers have the programme of their articles sent to their respective domiciles. None but the editors know who these gentlemen are and what their position in life is. They never, except on extraordinary occasions, come to the *Times* office. They have pledged their words to lay no claim to the authorship of their own articles, or to reveal their connection with the *Times*. They have renounced all hopes of literary fame; whatever credit is due to their productions belongs to the *Times*, which monopolizes all the honour, and bears all the responsibility. Such an author has nothing but his pay; he has sold his work to the journal; and with it, he has sold the right to change it, to alter expressions, to remodel parts of it, or to condemn the article altogether. The article is a piece of merchandise with which the purchaser may do what he likes. If the writer ceases to agree with the tendencies of the *Times*, he is always at liberty to break off the connection; but so long as that connexion continues, he is compelled to submit the form of his articles to the critical verdict of the editors."

YOUNG IRELAND AND SLAVERY.

"We are not Abolitionists—no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion. 'By your silence,' says Mr. Haughton, 'you will become a participator in their wrongs.' But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participator in the wrongs, *we, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.*"

The *Citizen*, Mr. Mitchel's new paper, has the above in its second number, in the course of a reply to Mr. Haughton, an Irish Abolitionist, who cannot discover the bondage of his white countrymen at home, while deeply interested in that of negroes abroad. We quite agree with portions of the *Citizen's* reply, as to the illogical blindness of looking abroad for objects of reform, and ignoring the existence of those at home. Wisdom and philanthropy should not disregard the cries of the oppressed of whatever land, but look with "equal eye" on all. But that apart: we have now to deal seriously with the confession of political faith contained in the above extract textually given.

We have often been charged with seeking Irish popularity, Irish good opinion, and Irish favour—how truly let the reader judge when he shall have read this article. It was in vain that we disclaimed any special sympathy for one Race or another, this Nation or that, outside of our own. We have earnestly endeavoured to aid the efforts from time to time put forth in behalf of Liberty for the Irish and Independence for Ireland, because we claim for each People the Rights we assert for our own, and for each man the freedom we demand for ourselves. In every Race crushed beneath the feet of foreign domination or domestic tyranny, we see Humanity abused and trampled on; in every individual writhing in the fetters of despotism or scarred by the lash of a master, we recognise an outraged, afflicted brother. We do not ask whether he is Irish or Hungarian, Pole or Italian, Hebrew or Hottentot—it is enough for us to know that he is a man, and that some usurper of God's prerogative is depriving him of the essential rights of manhood.

Mr. Mitchel, it appears, has a very different standard, and is for or against Despotism according to the race or colour of those on whom it is brought to bear. If they be white skinned, and spring from a Caucasian stock, then it is base usurpation, to be denounced, execrated, and resisted by push of pike and ring of rifle; but if the subjects be black, or bronzed, or even fair-skinned and delicate, but with a taint of African blood, then away with them to the calaboose, the rice swamp, the auction block, and let them be lashed till the blood runs down their heels, if man or woman dares hint resistance to whatever his or her *owner* sees fit to command!

Mr. Mitchel will probably increase the popularity of his paper among the Irish-Americans—alas that it should be so!—by this frank avowal. We have not now for the first time to see the great majority of them, with Liberty and Democracy on their lips, vote to fortify, extend and perpetuate the foulest and most atrocious tyranny known among men, and while demanding all rights for themselves, clamorously deny the most obvious and essential rights to Americans-born, whose fathers fought to vindicate and establish American Freedom. But if Liberty for Ireland and the Irish is sought in the spirit evinced and on the principles avowed by the *Citizen*, it can hardly be necessary to say that the effort will be fruitless and the hopes of its champions a mockery. Alas for the aspirations of the oppressed and exiled, if their incitement to struggle for Liberty is the horrible desire of buying, selling and lashing each other! —*Tribune.*

A MODERN AUTHOR.

ALEX'R DUMAS—Alexander the Great, as they now call him—to distinguish him from his son and fellow-famous author, Alexander, Jr.—besides writing five-act plays in seventy-five hours, edits a daily paper called the *Mousquetaire*, and has one or two histories and novels running out of his pen's end at the same time. The *Mousquetaire* gives every day a chapter of his entertaining Memoires, of which twenty volumes have already been published. The Memoires read very much like his novels, and have, with some, the reputation of being equally works of invention. The reputation is hardly merited, as he has satisfactorily proved by documents and other good testimony in nearly every definite case, where the veracity of his statements has been questioned or denied. As his written memoirs abound in anecdotes of living as well as dead persons, protests and denials, and calls for rectification, are frequent, and often help to amuse the public before whom Dumas is apt to bring them, in out-flying appendices to his regular chapters. One day Dumas asserts in print that in 1834 M. Etienne wrote a violent article against his play entitled "Antony." M. Etienne is dead, but his nephew writes to the *Presse*, which was then publishing the Memoires, to say that the violent article in question was not written by his uncle. Dumas tells the *Presse* to publish the letter and subjoin another signed P. Huet, wherein Mr. Huet protests solemnly against a statement in the Memoires that he came once near choking to death from having swallowed the bone of a sole, when, in matter of historical fact, it was a trout bone that stuck in his throat. I may add, to complete the story, that Etienne's nephew looked upon this conjunction of letters as an injury to his character, and prosecuted Dumas and the editor of the *Presse* for damages. The case was tried the other day, and the editor was condemned to pay twenty dollars damages and the costs. Certainly the Memoires should rank alongside of profound histories; they are not scrupulously veridical, not juridically impartial, nor full of investigation, nor dignified, nor dull, nor theoretical; but they are eminently readable gossip about men and events, full of French life and movement, giving you the very spirit of the time and people better than graver books. Dumas writes as good talkers talk; but it is not talk either—great talkers bore you—he chats—*il cause.* He does not require any speciality of time or place, or any other circumstance to write; he is always in the mood; is as much at home before your desk, and with your pens, as in his own room; writes at odd minutes, in the pauses of conversation and the like—where his tongue stops, his pen begins; ink or breath, it is all one, the words rush along, borne by the same rapid flow of high animal spirits. Cham, the caricaturist, represents him seated on a chair, writing with one hand, working the crank of a printing press with the other, and distributing his journal right and left with his feet.

AN "OLD FOGY."—One of the wits of the present day is responsible for the remark, that the old fogy who poked his head out from "behind the times" had it knocked soundly by a passing event, but we did not certainly know who the unfortunate was. It seems, however, that he was no less a personage than President Lord of Dartmouth College, and that the concussion completely destroyed the venerable gentleman's power of appreciating the blessings of the age in which he lives. The Dover *Enquirer* states that President Lord, in a recent lecture before the Lyceum of that town, discoursed for an hour in opposition to the prevalent idea that the "world does move." The venerable President contended that the only movement was in a retrograde direction, and that every generation was not growing wiser and better and richer. Adam was the greatest land-holder that ever lived, and his prosperity for six thousand years had been dividing his possessions. The men were not so strong nor the women so beautiful as they were a thousand years ago. Now-a-days man was chiefly made by the tailor and woman by the milliner. The master pieces of ancient art were still unrivalled by modern productions, &c, &c. The lecture was deeply imbued with ancient lore, and was a very good cud for "Young America" to chew upon.

What a pity the President cannot enjoy the blessed and salutary institutions of the Middle Ages. As a compensation for this deprivation, perhaps Naples or Russia, come pretty near the mark. Seriously, however, is the lecturer really the fossil this report would seem to indicate, or did he only aim to rap the ultra progressives of the day over the knuckles?—*Yarmouth Register.*

The Governments of Sweden and Denmark have addressed a circular letter to the Courts of Europe, stating that, whatever difficulties Turkey may cause among the Maritime powers, Sweden and Denmark have formally resolved to remain strictly neutral.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY